

The Mirror



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Thanksgiving.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906

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THE MIRROR

The Home of Falstaff



Falstaff Bottled Beer
made and bottled exclusively in the
Brewery of Lemp
St. Louis, U.S.A.

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Thanksgiving

By W. M. R.

ARE we thankful? We are.
For why?

Because the atmosphere is clearing, men's eyes and minds are unclouding, and we are all beginning to see, however dimly, that we are our brother's keepers, that much of our prosperity and law is founded on and permeated with social injustice.

It does look as if we were getting a little nearer to love in our institutions and further away from absurd veneration for rights that are no rights, but the spawn of corruptly and craftily procured privilege.

There are signs that the meek may, in a measure, come into possession of their share of the earth, that the survival of the fittest means, as it should mean, the persistence of the moral good, not the ruthless triumph of the fiercest and the most fraudulent.

Even Mammon softens. Moloch seems to totter on his throne. Life seems to be realizing that it may persist without denying and destroying its best ideals to attain practical results. The people are being heard. The usurping rulers of the people tentatively negotiate their inevitable abdication. There is hope everywhere for the many. There is ominous warning to the few. Their own consciences begin to stir in the spoilers.

For this, for all this, we are thankful. Nothing else matters, if the people are coming into their own, as they are, led by Roosevelt, by Bryan, by Folk, by La Follette, by Cummins, by Tom Johnson, by Heney, by Dunne and others in this country.

And so, on Thanksgiving Day, the MIRROR is sent out with a not vain quotation of R. L. S.'s envoy to "Underwoods,"

Go little book and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.

Marriage "on Suspicion"

By William Marion Reedy

MRS. ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS has written a plea for probationary marriage, evidently thinking that such an innovation would be good for woman. But it won't. Probationary marriage would only put woman more at the merciless mercy of man.

Every woman who has entered upon a joint life with a man without some sanction of the law, has come to grief. The man deserts the woman as soon as he grows tired. He tires quicker than she and when he makes up his mind to leave he can easier get away.

A marriage for a specified term would not make either men or women more faithful or more considerate for that term. The sanctions of law and religion do not make for fidelity or kindness in marriage, now. There is no reason to believe that the withdrawal of such sanction would improve things in that respect.

Probationary marriage would tend to minimizing the probation period to a nullity. Marriages would not last long enough, in course of time, to permit the

married to become acquainted with one another. Marriage doesn't begin to be at all satisfying and truly successful until long after a period of greater duration than would likely be fixed upon by the people who yearn for the probationary plan. It is little less than a miracle that men and women get through the first few years of marriage. Ask anyone who has "been there." Indeed marriage is a disappointment and a distress until the parties to it became acclimated one to another and settle down to quiet, easy, steady comradeship after the fitful fever of love and the jars of jealousy and the conflict of temperament. Marriage isn't the good thing it can be until it has lasted at least fifteen years. Then it is to the well balanced participants an equable elysium. If marriage on fifteen years' probation were permitted it seems that the spirit of the early clashes might be perpetuated solely by the looking forward to the period of release.

And how unjust to the woman the ending of the probationary marriage would be. After ten or fifteen years the woman is not desirable, nor sought. The man still seeks. The man can provide for a new wife. The woman has given up her youth, her vitality, is worn out. There is no hope for her.

A less period of probation than seven years or even five is not thinkable. The man should stay by the woman to provide for the young, for at least that length of time. That would be merely to conform to Nature's law as shown in the mating of the beasts that perish.

Probationary marriage would simply be a concession to man's imperfect monogamousness. Man remains imperfectly monogamous, and he is more so the younger he is. If probationary marriage became the custom and married people broke away at the expiration of the period of the contract, the woman would usually have little to take with her as pecuniary share of the compact, since usually married people do not begin to save anything until long after a time beyond that which might be fixed for the expiration of the contract. If people separated any time before ten years there would be little or nothing to divide. As for compelling a man to support a woman from whom he is separated—that is out of the question, unless he is very wealthy. And wealthy people usually separate on a financial understanding. That's the worst of the present status of matrimony. Divorce is too much a luxury for the higher classes. What is needed is that the break-up of marriage among the poor shall not be a terrible injustice in nine cases out of ten to the woman.

Probation is no good at all, unless the time is made short enough so that the woman will come out of the arrangement with some of her youth and grace and desirableness. It takes but a few years of some sorts of marriage to hammer and crush out of a woman all the charm that might equip her to secure another husband.

A brief period of probation, say five years or less, would bring marriage down to the level of "bundling." This "free marriage" is practiced among some philosophical anarchists, and even that exalted philosophy does not prevent the institution masking invariably the martyrdom of the women parties to such alliances. They are thrown over when the man in the case meets a prettier face, a more alluring form than that of the woman who has grown worn and shapeless in his service.

There is no possible way in which marriage on the probationary plan can be arranged so that women won't get the worst of it. Marriage, as we have it at present, is chiefly wrong because women get the worst of it. Men can forget their married troubles, in life and work outside the home. Women can't. They are tied to the rack. The MIRROR believes in practically free and unlimited divorce. There must be a means of escape from hell *a deux*. The MIRROR believes that free and unlimited marriage is a mistake, yet it is plain that restriction upon marriage will work only evil. Make marriage difficult and you have the same result as when divorce is made difficult or impossible—concubinage. In short, it is about all we can do, to let the marriage and divorce institutions alone, in the hope that the people will get sense.

Reckless marriage is the main cause of reckless divorce, but if people are only to marry upon a basis of reason, there will be no marriage at all. A man who would sit down to reason coldly on marriage would find the objections stronger than the arguments for the action. The responsibilities, the restrictions upon freedom, the greater expense, the possibility of mistake, etc., would deter any man from marriage if Nature didn't by means of love, in furtherance of her purpose of race propagation, upset his reason.

There is but one hope for a betterment of marriage—if we are to consider it apart from the religious or sacramental aspect in which the victims flatter themselves that it is a trial to be borne for their soul's sake in the future—and that is in the better development of women in mind and spirit. When women acquire more individuality they will not marry as they do, because it is the proper thing. They will not be quite such passive agents in the affair—*pace* G. Bernard Shaw. When women get sense enough not to believe that they're damned if they don't marry, they will not marry upon such insufficient reason as now leads them to the altar.

Marriage and divorce, so far as both are bad, are only bad in the large sense because they crucify the women chiefly. But probationism would only make the crucifixion of women more agonizing. Probationism would only legitimize men's natural miscellaneity, would only make women more than at present the sport of man's whims, his variant fancies, his lusts.

Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons' proposal that men and women shall marry as Elbert Hubbard sends out his books, "on suspicion," that they shall sample each other and if not pleased, return the damaged or unsatisfactory goods to the common pile, is one that brutal man will welcome. But the trouble is that man has been too much considered and the woman too little in marriage. Mrs. Parsons' scheme would strengthen man's tyranny. She is an enemy of her sex.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

REMEMBER the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections. There's no sensation of all you experience in the year as delectable as the shelling out to the beautiful banditti who will infest the office-building corridors day after to-morrow.

Poignant Letters

LITERATURE has produced much of language that is surcharged with profound feeling, but in the whole range of literature there is nothing that contains the piercing pathos of the girl "Billy" Brown's letters to the man Gillette who seduced her, deserted her and has been tried at Herkimer, New York, for murdering her. Beside these unlettered letters in which love and despair are so strangely commingled the unique sorrow even of the "Letters of a Portuguese Nun" seem

meretricious and even cheap. This unhappy girl's letters move every heart—every heart but the one to which they were addressed, that of the man who deceived her. It would seem almost inconceivable that any girl reading them should ever hearken to any man's talk of love until he talked of marriage, yet we know that many a girl who reads them will go the bitter way of the girl who wrote them. One of the saddest things of life is that no other experience is worth anything to us except our own.

THEY'VE tabooed "Eve's Diary" in a Massachusetts public library on account of the illustrations. We can't understand how it was that Moran came to be defeated in such a State.

The Bucket Shop Game.

Now that the race track gambling gang has been officially ousted from the State by the opinion of the Supreme Court, it is proper that steps should be taken to oust the same gang from its remaining stronghold, the bucket-shop industry. The bucket-shops' ravages are more widespread than those of the race track. The whole country is tapped by the bucket-shop swindle. St. Louis is the center of the greatest area of this sort of swindling and the men who profit most by it are important factors of corruption in the politics of this city and State. Circuit Attorney Sager should proceed against the bucket-shop bandits and proceed in a way that will promise speedy results. This job is up to Mr. Sager. It's a big one. He is a big man. The law is clearly on his side. State after State has smashed the bucket shops within its borders. Missouri has the law under which the bucket shops may be shut up. All that is needed is that the law shall be enforced.

"Jungle" Sinclair's New Novel

I HAVE been favored with the advance sheets of the new novel, "A Captain of Industry," by Upton Sinclair, whose "Jungle" raised such a row. This novel ran serially, in the *Appeal to Reason*, of Girard, Kan. The book is a disappointment. It is crudely melodramatic. I could not help comparing it with those novels of the underworld that "Shang" Andrews used to write, in Chicago, in the seventies of the last century, the classic among which was "Cranky Ann, the Street Walker; or, Chicago in Chunks." Mr. Sinclair's hero is a young man of wealth who has an intrigue with a girl until his father pays her and sends her away. He lives a gay life and then settles down. He goes into Wall street. He engages in some big deals, gains power and, incidentally, takes another girl under his protection. The female pander who procured him the girl tries to blackmail him, and he determines to break off the liaison, when just on the eve of a great struggle for supremacy in the market. He finds it is his own daughter he has been "keeping." The girl kills herself. The "hero" triumphs in his Wall street battle, makes oodles of millions, gets drunk to drown his conscience's stirrings about the girl, goes to sea in his yacht, and the vessel is wrecked and he is drowned. This book is worthless, save for the description of the final struggle in the street. That has much of the breathless interest of the great duel over Northern Pacific in Wall street in May, 1902. It has a succession of thrills in it, and it seems to be technically correct as to the details by which the coup was accomplished. The rest of the story is bad, unrelievedly bad. It is not literary in the least degree. It is mere claptrap, conventional in conception and execution, and the horrors it purports to depict are the veriest drivel. Nothing in the book lives. The battle for "Transatlantic and Suburban" is not better done than any one of a dozen news stories every week in the New York *Sun*, where

reporting has not lost all its relationship to literature. "A Captain of Industry" has neither the force nor the finish of "The Jungle," and little enough of the latter had that. As a polemic fiction, it is much inferior to Prof. Frederick C. Howe's "Confessions of a Monopolist." It is only raw sensationalism, such as we identify as appertaining to the "Richmond novels" of our adolescence, which were published, I believe, by Richard K. Fox of the *Police Gazette*, and those gutter and brothel novels in which "Shang" Andrews won a mighty fame in the lower courts of Paphos, what time the historic Bum Boat was the most infamous institution of Chicago. Mr. Sinclair has tried to write down to an audience. He has written too far down. For that matter, "The Jungle" never was hailed anywhere as literature, but only *ad captandum* muck-raking. Mr. Sinclair's only novel is "Manassas." The remainder of his work is fictional polemic and nothing more. In "A Captain of Industry" he has touched bottom, even in that line of writing.

An Apology to Mr. Jackson Johnson

THE paragraph in the Blue Jay correspondence in last week's MIRROR referring to Mr. Jackson Johnson did that gentleman a grave, even though unintentional injury. Therefore the MIRROR, in a spirit of fairness, is glad to make such reparation to Mr. Johnson as can be made in an apology for this wrong. Mr. Johnson is in every respect a worthy and honorable member of this community, and, therefore, any aspersions upon him were in the nature of a gross and unwarranted offense. The MIRROR prides itself on being fair, and on giving every one a square deal, and in simple justice to Mr. Johnson it can do no more than offer him an unequivocal apology for the wrong done him in the paragraph referred to.

Smashing a Trust

THEY seem to do these things better in England. Recently it was purposed on the part of the leading soap manufacturers of England to organize a soap trust, with big capital, curtailed production, minimized expenses and all the rest of the trustification programme with which we are so familiar. No sooner was the announcement of the combination made than the press, the small tradesmen, the consumers generally, opened war upon the trust in the shape of a general boycott against the \$50,000,000 "octopus." The cablegrams tell us how the fight was carried on. A section of the London and the provincial press gave up its most prominent columns to pillorying the methods of the manufacturers and urging the boycott. They drew lessons from the American trusts, and gratuitously advertised makers outside the trust. The retailers filled their shop windows with advertisements of non-trust soaps and anti-trust cartoons. The sales of the trust soaps, including some of the best and most popular, dropped alarmingly, especially when a leading firm announced its intention to give only fifteen ounces of one of the most used kinds for a sum that had before purchased a pound." The result of the brief, but sharp fight, has been, we are told, the compulsory surrender of the makers, who met at Liverpool last Friday and decided to dissolve their combination, stating that "the arrangement entered into between the leading soap-makers of the United Kingdom has been received with such disfavor by the trade and public as to make it unworkable, and it has been decided to terminate the arrangement from November 23." It seems that the thing which, more than any other thing, solidified the people against this combination was the newspaper attack upon it as "an American invasion." English insular prejudice wrought more fury than the purposed graft upon English pockets. Now, why can't we destroy trusts

in this country? The press thunders against them. The small dealer raves. The politicians blivate. But Mr. Consumer doesn't care enough to do without anything he is used to in order to make a point. Mr. Consumer, for the most part, is always living in hope of getting in with some trust. Mr. Consumer, to tell the truth, is not yet quite convinced that the trust is what he loosely says it is. It hasn't hit him hard enough. What's a quarter of a cent of a pound or gallon or yard on this or that? He doesn't feel it going from him. He doesn't see it going to the trust magnates and building up their power. He is inclined to say of the trust maker: "He's a smart man, or they're a smart bunch, and you must give it to them." And so Mr. Consumer really doesn't care. If he did, there isn't a trust or monopoly in the United States that could last thirty days. Some day he will feel the pinch of monopoly, and he will get mad. When he does there will be a trust-busting beside which the English boycott is mere child's play. When will he feel the pinch? When the big fellows have trimmed all the smaller rich in stock manipulation, and have to come right down to squeezing the last penny out of the individual consumer. That the big fellows are not yet ready to begin this is shown in their sop of wage increases to the multitude. This sop appeases the crowd half-awakened by Hearst. But half-awakened, the crowd will not go to sleep. The trusts are doomed—peaceably, if possible, forcibly, if necessary. England's soap revolt is a lesson not to be forgot.

♦♦

MR. NELSON O. NELSON of this city believes that children should not work in factories. When he finds children working in factories, if their parents need the money, he has the children put to school and himself pays the wage they would receive at work. That's the real stuff in charity.

♦♦

The Shakespeare "Bug"

ERNEST H. CROSBY wrote an essay to prove that Shakespeare had, or has, no sympathy with the working man. Shakespeare wrote for the upper classes, and he had as much sympathy for the workingman as his time had, but if he didn't care much for the laborer, the hind or the villain he did not a little to convince kings and nobles that they were, in truth, only common clay. Count Leo Tolstoy was asked to write an introduction to Mr. Crosby's essay. He did so. He made it fully as long as, if not longer than the article it introduced. In it Tolstoy declares that Shakespeare has neither philosophy, nor art, nor imagination, nor reasonable language, nor truth, nor even humanity. Shakespeare has no moral purpose, and that damns him, with Tolstoy. The Russian quietist's analysis and condensation of "King Lear" is the most absurd farrago of foolishness that has ever been penned upon Shakespeare, and about no one has more foolishness been writ. Tolstoy's ideas of the dramatic art are all based on moral purpose. That he can see no moral purpose in Shakespeare implies simply blindness. That he should jeer at Shakespeare's splendid diction is sheer lunacy. That he should proclaim Shakespeare's inability to portray character is, above all things, a perfect diabolism of density. "Tolstoy on Shakespeare," (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York) is the most unconsciously ridiculous book printed in a decade. It is as absurd as would be the writing about painting by a man blind from birth. Tolstoy *contra mundi*. The thing would be amusing if it were not pathetic. All lovers of Shakespeare should read this essay, if only to see what a fanatic can do in his frenzy against the things which, being beautiful, are their own excuse for being. Appended to Mr. Crosby's article are extracts

from an article by George Bernard Shaw on the Bard. Here we get some gleams of reason, even if curiously twisted and lighted up with egoistic humor. Shaw says what everybody knows: that Will of Avon's works are not flawless; that they are *not* all for all time; that they are surpassed in some things by other plays. He, at least, acknowledges the spell of the language. The three essays are a curious contribution to Shakespeareana, Tolstoy's surpassing in fatuity, even those productions purporting to prove that Shakespeare's works were written by anybody, from Marlowe, or Greene, to Bacon or Elizabeth herself, or some unknown woman. This book comes out synchronously with the declaration of a Berlin *savant*, Prof. Bleibtreu, that the Shakespearean plays were written by Roger, Earl of Rutland, born October 6, 1573, and a son-in-law of Sir Philip Sidney. Truly much study of Shakespeare doth drive men mad, but of all the students of the plays, none is so mad as Tolstoy, but madness is hardly the proper word for his lucubration. It is positively imbecilic. As for Mr. Crosby's "proofs"—you can prove anything, from Shakespeare. As for Bernard Shaw—farinaceous food is a mocker and vegetarian diet is a-raging. And the Herr Professor Bleibtreu—well, when he goes further into his subject he will find that the works of Shakespeare, as the Irishman said, were not written by Shakespeare, but by another fellow of the same name. For ourselves, we think we could make out a good case to fasten the authorship of "Hamlet" on Abe Slusky, of "Midsummer Night's Dream" on Dink Botts, and "Troilus and Cressida" upon J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota.

♦♦

SO THE Civic League has awakened to the St. Louis smoke nuisance. Good. But there will be a smoke nuisance just as long as prominent citizens owning smoke-belching plants refuse to put in smoke-consumers. Suppose the owners of the belching stacks were all haled into court and fined. Huh! There'd be a scatteration of the supporters of the present city administration.

♦♦

Rah! Rah! Rah for 1906!

BEGINS to look very much as though the Rugby rule tinkers didn't labor in vain even if the country's highways, byways and commons are being scoured for evidence that the new game is just as full of possibilities for the undertaker and bone-setter as the old. The new rules have accomplished the purpose of the framers. There is scarcely any doubt that they have been the salvation of the game in America for they have checked the hostile sentiment that was beginning to sweep the country like a Kansas twister and which threatened the death of Rugby. They have stimulated a new interest in the sport. People are attending football games this season who could never have been brought to witness the often shocking barbarity of the contests of yesteryear. The entire atmosphere of the sport appears to have been purified. The question of eligibility has had less prominence this season than ever before and the game has benefitted by the appeal to athletic honor and achievement rather than the savage instincts latent in all of us. But despite the general improvement in the style of play the adherents of the old game are still rumbling like a Vesuvius about the necessity of a reversion to first principles. Some charge that the new open style of play has been a failure; that the record proves it as barbarous as the close game. But that's twaddle. What if there have been as many victims of the sport this season? There are more young men playing the game now. The new rules have given many a fond parent a change of heart in favor of the sport and this relaxation of parental

restraint has brought forth many an embryo gridiron star. Besides, there is the natural increase in players every year and it is not at all extraordinary that there should be as large or even a larger casualty list than in the old days. In fact, reports of most big games are in support of the new play for they show, as a rule that there has been less "time out" for carrying off the "dead" and injured than in the great contests of seasons past. As to the game proper, it is just as interesting, just as scientific as the old. It has all the thrills of the old and none of the horrors. The field goal kicker and the sprinter have superseded, in the college teams, the brawny jousts of questionable amateur standing and the result is what the public wanted, an exhibition of athletic skill and science. And after all, it's the public that must be pleased. Of course, there will be "ifs" and "buts" in football as in any other sport, as long as it survives and there may be necessity for changing the style of play and the rules, for the present open game is pretty much of an experiment at present, but there is scarcely any justification for a return to old brutal mass plays and barbarous tackling. The players themselves may even find fault with the "forward pass" and the "onside kick" plays but that's because they are new. The next crop of Rugbyites no doubt will as eagerly take to and improve upon them as did any of the stars of the old game take to their favorite stunts. At any rate, America seems destined to have a winter sport that is as thoroughly national and beloved as baseball and all because of the clean, hard play, unmarred by serious injuries, made possible by these new rules. Improve upon them, if you can, but let oblivion hide the old.

♦♦

OF course we need more parks in the down-town district. Of course we want boulevards. Of course we want eleemosynary institutions. But what about that free bridge without which all the other bond issue propositions would have fallen flat? The City Administration seems determined to give the people last what they want first. Though our pee-wee Mayor may not think so, the people want what they want when they want it. And that's right now.

♦♦

Awakening of China

THAT awakening of China has surely come. And it has come in the best way; not in an attempt to compel the world's respect by warlike deeds, but in a determination to throw off the greatest moral and physical blight upon the Celestial Empire. We read that an imperial edict in China has prohibited the cultivation of the opium poppy and the use of opium in any form except under medical prescription. Once before China tried to throw off this poppy incubus, but Christian England forced it upon China after a war, the expenses of which China bore in a fine of \$6,000,000. England was making \$5,000,000 a year out of the tax which India levied upon its exports of opium to China. No matter that opium was debasing and enslaving China. England needed the money and it forced open to India's drug the ports that had been closed thereto by the imperial decree of 1840. What did China then? It began to cultivate the poppy in its own fields, after that cultivation had long been prohibited, and so the Indian opium sales decreased \$25,000,000 in the years between 1870 and 1896. The home-grown opium drove out the foreign drug. But the destruction of the Chinese went on apace. It is the greatest curse of China—the opium trade. Recently it seems that China sent a commission to this country and Europe to study the question from the Caucasian point of view. That commission has reported to the rulers that "China would have the moral support of most of the Western nations in any effort

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she might make to mitigate the terrible evils that the opium habit inflicts upon her people." China cannot prohibit the importation of opium, for India's privilege to send the drug to Chinese markets is secured by treaty. What China is trying to do is to kill the market for opium by prohibiting its use. But there is now objection to this. Already has arisen a protest against the "injustice" of a war against opium that must "strike at the root of a great industry." The opium growers have vested rights that are superior to the consideration that suppressing opium will help uplift the Chinaman, body and soul. It is pointed out as a terrible thing that "the complete change of policy announced by the new decree will cause suffering for a while among many thousands of farmers." No thought at all for the millions that opium has destroyed. It is to be hoped that China will push to the limit its suppression of opium. When the drug curse shall have been removed then indeed will China be awake and ready to take her place among the nations of the earth even as has Japan.

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WHAT a slump there has been in Democratic presidential boom! Bryan's *fait*. Hearst's is in the vocative. There's nothing left in the Democratic boom line, but Folk's. He's got a double barrelled boom. If he can't be President he will be Senator. Nothing can prevent him getting the one or the other, but Republicans. And but for Folk Missouri would be Republican to-day. Folk has to get what is coming to him. If his party turns him down the State will turn the party down. Every knock against Folk is a boost. Every opponent of Folk is under suspicion. No wonder his enemies rage and rave at the mere mention of his name.

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Conditions in San Francisco

WHEN all is said about Schmitz, the Mayor of San Francisco, it is well that fair-minded people should remember that he is a Union Labor man, and that the daily press generally is committed to the support, mostly secret, of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance, and concerned to discredit Union Labor in the person of its representative. Things look bad for Schmitz just at present. His opponents and enemies have the public ear and eye. He is not yet convicted, and he faces his accusers with something of the game-ness and high spirit with which he confronted conditions in San Francisco the day of the earthquake and immediately after. At that time he was widely praised. He may have been weak or venal in other things. He may have allowed himself to be used by designing politicians. Indeed, the evidence of the papers is all against him, but he is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty under the law, and he is entitled to a hearing in his own behalf. It is difficult to believe he is the ghoul and fiend he is now being depicted in so many daily papers. Last week the MIRROR told of the fight against him in San Francisco by another labor man, Mr. James H. Barry, of the *Star*, but the *Star* seems to think that Schmitz, the fiddler, has chiefly been compromised and hypnotized by the boss, Abe Ruef. And even if Schmitz be pretty nearly all his enemies say, we must remember that there are other looters of San Francisco since the fire, rapacious landlords, grabbing public service corporations, the lumber trust, the steel trust, some of the "welching" insurance companies, and many other forms of capitalism, and that the impositions and exactions of those concerns have been mainly responsible for the demands of Union Labor. The cost of living was outrageously boosted by Capital before Union Labor set up a cry for its share. This, of course, would not excuse Schmitz's grafting, but it

does excuse Union Labor, which is being beaten over Schmitz's shoulders. This is no apology for anything Schmitz may have done. It is only a contribution toward the enlightenment of those who would understand the San Francisco situation of which Schmitz is only an incident, after all.

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Lots of Law

THE laws already on the statute books are being proved effective everywhere. Joseph Smith, the head of the Mormon Church, has been found guilty of polygamous cohabitation,—rather, he has pleaded guilty—and he has been fined \$300. Every day is demonstrating that what this country needs is not new laws, but the enforcement of old ones. The country and the States and the cities are burdened with about ten times as much law as is necessary. Multiplication of laws is an evil. Let us have no more new laws about anything until we are convinced that the old laws are not equal to the control and regulation of conditions.

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JIM HILL is said in New York to be preparing to absorb the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and amalgamate in with the Burlington. Soon all the railroads of the country will be controlled by Hill, Harri-man, Rockefeller, Morgan and Gould. Then when they get to amalgamating, as they must, if they don't want to meet ruin in warfare, the roads will be in splendid shape to be taken over by the government. That's the direction in which things are moving.

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THE Steel Trust has decided to increase the pay of its common laborers ten cents per day. Hardly enough to buy dog meat for the ordinary household bull or black-and-tan. Yet we are asked to acclaim the increase as a philanthropic concession to the mollification of popular discontent. Faugh!

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Two Cases in Point

IN New York City the authorities, preparing to clear away space for the new Brooklyn Bridge terminals, have decided to buy the property of the New York *Staats-Zeitung* newspaper, which in 1873 cost only \$800,000, and for which the city will now pay \$2,000,000. What a profit! Who made such an increase in value? Not the *Staats-Zeitung*, but the increase in population of New York. Why shouldn't the people of New York have the benefit of the value created by them? There is no answer, but that they should have it all, and they should get it by taxation of the ground value into the city treasury. Here's another story. Theodore E. Davis, of Beverly, Mass., while a resident of Indiana in 1894 came into possession of fifty acres, on which he had taken a mortgage for \$250. When the former owner of the land died he left considerable life insurance to his widow. Davis went to the widow and asked if she wanted to buy back the land, and she refused. Deciding that he had an elephant on his hands Davis gave up the idea of selling, and year after year paid the taxes. Not until a few days ago did he learn the value of his property, under which oil and gas have been found. The other day he sold the land to the Standard Oil Company for \$250,000. Davis is only a machinist. But is he rightfully entitled to any such increment as the difference between \$250 and one thousand times that sum, when he never put in a lick of labor on the land? Clearly not. But that aside; why should not the Standard Oil Company pay taxes on the full value of the land and oil when the oil wealth in the land was not in any way created by the company? The oil deposit was not put there by any man. It exists by no virtue of man's power.

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There is nothing more fit than a book as a gift to *Mother, Sister, Wife or Sweetheart*; no book more fit than

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This is the finest sonnet sequence produced in America. It is a charming idyl of love, passionate and pure, with a whole world of beautiful thought and imagery for its setting. In perfect sanity and in rapport with the genuine democracy of the heart, Mr. McGaffey's work ranks with the sonnet sequences of Rossetti and George Meredith—"The House of Life" and "Modern Love." It is a rosary of exquisitely carved gems of song, each bead a perfect utterance of a phase of passion divine in its beautiful humanity.

There is a foreword to the poem, by the publisher, Mr. William Marion Reedy; and the notes at the end indicate that one sonnet from the first edition had to be dropped from the regular sequence and another substituted, because of an event since the writing of the poem that vetoed the sentiment of the author.

The book is bound in padded, dove-colored ooze, gilt top, title embossed in gold on front cover, enclosed in a neat box. The setting is worthy of the beauty of the poem. Price,

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ST. LOUIS, MO.**

It rightfully belongs to nobody, but unto all the people—to whom the whole country belongs. It is natural wealth, and the Standard Oil Company is justly entitled to no more than pay for such service as it may perform in taking this natural wealth and handling it to the advantage of and in the service of the public. All the Standard Oil can make out of the oil is its own, provided that it does not keep out of the market the natural supply of oil by holding other fields out of use. If the government were to exact for the public treasury the full value of all such lands, no such lands could be monopolized and kept unproductive in order to keep up the price of oil. Such land would be too expensive thus to hold. It would be open to the use of anyone desiring to produce oil. There could be no oil monopoly, no coal monopoly, no steel monopoly, no railroad monopoly, no land monopoly, if all land were taxed to its full value, if no individual or corporation could appropriate to himself or itself the value inhering in the land by the nearness to it of the people, or by the needs of those people. The natural wealth of the land belongs to the country. The country is the people. No one is entitled to any wealth that he does not naturally create.

❖❖

SIGNOR CARUSO was fined ten dollars and the payment of the "tenner" leaves him free to pursue the even tenor of his way, but he will keep away from the "monkey house." His case recalls forcibly the apothegm, by Liszt, if we remember aright, that "a tenor is not a man, but a disease."

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THE present elevated railroad project in St. Louis can wait until the city makes up its mind on the general subject of franchises for the future.

Kindly Caricatures

[84] Gustav Cramer

"PAPA" CRAMER is known wherever there is a photograph gallery. Wherever and whenever the photographers foregather for festivity there is "Papa" Cramer "on the head set," singing his onomatopoeic owl song or rendering his world-renowned imitation of a sky-rocket.

At almost seventy years Gustav Cramer is still the first among the boys, first in their fun and first in their affections. To the brotherhood of the camera he stands in somewhat the same relation that George W. Childs used to stand to the printers.

Picturesque in his appearance and invariably reiterating his catch phrase, "I'm so happy," the old boy is even more picturesque as the last prominent figure standing out against the all dominant photographic materials trust.

For it was this same old boy Cramer who first in this country pushed to its perfection the dry plate that did so much to bring photography closer to art, and to develop the business to its present stupendous proportions, professional and amateur. All this he did here in St. Louis in the face of discouragement from only too many of his friends and associates. His name on his product went around the world. It is still going.

But the Eastman company, of Kodak fame, has gobbled up about all there is in photographic material supply in this country. It controls the output and the means of distribution of everything, from lenses to cardboard for mounting, and its huge resources have resulted in making almost every photographer in the United States, no matter how eminent, work for that concern. A few geniuses like Steffens of Chicago, Rhinehardt of Denver, Stein of Milwaukee, Pirie McDonald of New York, Pierce of Boston, and Strauss of St. Louis are not trust hired men, but many of the other camera nobility are only names on the trust pay roll. So most of the dry-plate manufacturing concerns have been consolidated, more or less directly under Eastman auspices, and only the Cramer dry plate stands out and stands up alone and gives battle to the giant.

For Papa Cramer is not a modern commercialist. He is not a foe to sentiment. He can't and won't fire employes grown old in his service. He won't squeeze his customer of his last dollar and dime. He runs his business in a business-like way, but he doesn't make it a machine to grind up everybody that comes within range of its operation. There is always work at his factory for a man who can work, and if there's nothing particular for the applicant to do, there's always some general work that he can be turned loose on.

And so while the Cramer concern is one of the nationally known institutions of St. Louis, and has made for its proprietor in the last quarter of a century more money than one would care to count, the head of the concern has been mostly interested in getting rid of it in quiet philanthropies of which his fellow citizens know nothing. It is known, of course, that to his generosity is due the greater part of the credit for the establishment of the Altenheim in South St. Louis, a charity home for old people to which there is no superior in the land. He is known more for his giving than for his getting. When some one was asked not long ago what was Cramer's hobby, the reply came at once: "Charity." And it isn't charity cramped by conditions, benevolence with a string to it. So here we may drop that lest we exploit what Mr. Cramer has never exploited.

There is no St. Louisan who has grown old more gracefully than "Papa" Cramer. He is the delight of young people at all sorts of gatherings. His humor is in demand wherever he appears, and beyond all that he is always a force for the encouragement of sane æsthetic—music, art, the theater. His old style home in South St. Louis is a center of gayety

almost all the time, as well it might be, for Mr. Cramer and his good wife have given an old-time sheaf of hostages to fortune, and they make the old house a social focus.

Mr. Cramer looks like the humorist he is, even when he isn't. To look at him in a party is to

feel that he is just sniffing for fun all the time, and as you follow him you are certain he never fails to find it. The fact that he is single-handedly fighting a big trust in a field that covers the entire country, if not the world, does not seem to weigh heavy upon him. He will talk more about the work of the va-



Kindly Caricatures No. 84.

GUSTAV CRAMER

rious charitable boards of which he is a member. There are many St. Louisans of more resounding, there is none of more enduring and deserving distinction than "Papa" Cramer here caught and fixed by Bloch, as he appears, for instance, at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Art in St. Louis.

The Sign of the Rose

By Ernest McGaffey

IRENE sat by a front window that faced the boulevard. From this point she could see a long ways east and west up and down the street; and beyond, and to the south, she marked the line of elevated road, which trailed, an iron serpent, its sinuous course in mid-air. Along the broad avenue were square-cut grass plots fringed with methodical trees all of the same size, and all trimmed precisely alike. The regularly turned cement walks, the skeletonized arc-lamps at the boulevard corners, the impeccable main drive and side drives, and even the admonitory signs on the grass, and the rigid cross-street nomenclature, all argued a monotonous respectability.

She sat with arms folded, brooding. Her nights and days were singularly colorless now. In the early morning the clump of the milk-man's heavy foot-steps as he deposited the milk on the back porch, the raucous screech of some wandering huckster, and eventually the rattle-snake hissing of the tiny alarm clock were the usual sounds that ushered in the dawn. Then there was the hurried preparations for Bruce's breakfast, the goodbye kiss, the farewell wave of her hand from the upper window, the turn of his boyish head, his smile, and then—the long, long day to fight through.

And fluttering wildly before her eyes, beckoning and mocking, was the old life. The sparkle of bubbling wine, the garish illumination of many lights, the mimic tragedy or dashing extravaganza of the theaters, the thunder of hurrying hoof-beats at the race course, music, excitement, day turned into night, night to day—the languor, the fire, the perfume of the red, red rose of sin.

She turned to her piano and presently there rippled out into the morning the elusive rhythmical dancing measures of "Salome." She closed her eyes as she played and in fancy could see the daughter of Herodias, her dark eyes ablaze, her undulating, cat-like movements, and the stare of Herod. Closing the instrument, she seized a book from the heaped-up shelves around her and composed herself to read.

Outside the sparrows cheeped insistently, and the hollow beat of passing feet sounded intermittently. An occasional wagon stirred the dust on side streets, and lazy leaves on the irreproachable trees tip-toed in decorous minuets with vagrant breezes.

Tossing her book aside some hours later Irene began her usual arrangements for luncheon. Here the comparative novelty of the situation seemed to appeal to her for the time, and a slow smile crept to her lips as she measured ingredients and consulted culinary oracles. She sat at her dainty flower-gemmed table alone, and watched with indifferent gaze a group of boys who played and shouted on a side space of mauled greensward in the warm October sunshine. Then she put away the fragile china in its place, passed the serried lines of books, and sank down in her low and comfortable chair at the middle window.

It was the old vantage-point. She was to be found there very much of the time. Many hours she had passed indeed, pacing up and down the handsome apartments like a caged tigress, but that was in the earlier days of her wife-hood. Now it was her spirit that paced up and down its round of environment,

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striking blindly at the iron bars of domesticity. As for her body, she had that under better control now.

She was ages older than Bruce. What were his twenty-four years to her twenty? A mere infancy! For in the last five years of her life she had tasted dead-sea apples, sounded the deepest depths of degradation, demonstrated the fallacy of reform, and, most inexorable of all, found her true level. For this round of deadly dull common-place, this pendulum tick of iterating daily duties, this pantomime of matrimonial hypocrisies, this was mere farce-comedy, and not her life. The old existence was what she morbidly craved.

It drew her like an irresistible magnet. The lights, the music, the Babel of various voices, the leer, the jest, the tawny ogling of the grape, flowers, flattery, the poignant sense of moth-wings circling an ever-nearing flame, the thorns, the rusted leaves, the fragrance of the red, red rose of sin.

So the day waned until a buzz of the electric button and the creak of the unlocked door announced Bruce's coming. At the signal, she braced herself as though going forward on the stage of life at an invisible call-boy's summons. Bruce was a blonde, serious young fellow, methodical, tremendously energetic, not a saint to be sure, but true as steel. How she pitied him. How she prayed (in her prayerless fashion), that his vision might be purged; that he might

providentially tire of her. She almost despised the beauty that held his fancy; the cynic wit of hers which so subtly bespoke experience; the grace that was as inseparable from her as it would be from a panther; the accomplishments—her music—that pandered to his pride. There must be a change. Her very wisdom was making the man depend upon her more.

To have him talk for hours of his downtown affairs was sufficiently maddening, but it was better than having him make love to her. How she longed that at last he might look at her with eyes grown cold of the old light. It had been a mad whim, his wishing to marry her; a madder caprice, her consenting. The freshness of it all had long since taken flight, so far as her feelings were concerned. She watched him narrowly for a like awakening on his part. But the dream for him was as yet unbroken. There had been no family to cast him off, for he was as alone in the world as she.

Irene had met but few friends of her husband's, for they had taken their outings, and selected their company stealthily. As for the theatres, these had been almost entirely tabooed after one experience. It is not the most reassuring feeling in the world for a man to hesitate appearing in public lest his wife be recognized. On the other hand—but then custom makes such wise discriminations! They had gone

out now and then, but there was a constraint about it on his part that she had divined, but did not share. After all, what did it amount to? Probably some of those most virulently respectable matrons of Philistia were the owners of tolerably sinister pasts. And what did a past have to do with a present, anyway? Her insolent aplomb was equal to whatever emergency; her haughty comeliness bullet-proof against the most critical stare.

Yet she could sense that the man at her side winced at the admiring glances levelled at her wherever they went. When the opera-glasses opened their masked batteries on her, the first night they had entered the theater together, he could not for the life of him have repressed the dark color that burned in his clear-cut face.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray!" What a wounding scorpion-lash of Fate that the management should have substituted, at the last hour, that play for the comparatively innocuous one they had expected to see? But just so do the weird Sisters ordain.

And yet—and yet, she had enjoyed the play. It opened up anew the pages of her silent revolt. But it was torture for Bruce. She almost hoped that he had read his folly in the lines. But he had been dreading it, she afterwards discovered, rather on her account. How hopeless this seemed!

For as the play progressed, she saw again, and became part and parcel once more of the alluring half-world of bygone days. And to her reverie came the babble of the vain and vicious, the whirl of heavy wheels, coarse laughter, the trampled lilies of purity, wassail and midnight carouse, the luxury and artificiality of existence, the glow and odor, the wanton luxuriance of the red, red rose of sin.

They had been blessed, or cursed, with divers callers at their flat. Hungry-eyed women worn with ennui and consumed by curiosity had come to see them under the mask of neighborliness, but in reality to divert themselves from their own humdrum worries. They had given the girl their family history and waited expectantly for her to reciprocate. But as she maintained a cool and smiling neutrality between all her callers, and neither gave nor invited confidences, her visitors gradually fell away. One only remained faithful; a grey-haired old lady in the apartments just overhead. She fancied Mrs. Douglas resembled her deceased daughter. Sometimes Irene almost wished that this fancied likeness could have been carried to the last analysis, so weary did she become of the ancient dame's platitudes, but generally speaking she listened with exemplary patience.

The summer of this year she and Bruce had gone to a quiet little rural inn perched on a hill-top dense with woods, that overlooked a winding river. He had planned to stay a month, and had formed his plans with a burst of youthful enthusiasm. He was going to teach her to "cast" a "fly," and to row, and swim. Even her jaded fibre rather thrilled to his eagerness. And when they reached the place it was at least a new experience. They were hemmed about by great hills, and from the shady grass they watched the wind weave cloudy embroideries of white and blue across the azure skies. Birds sang in the morning and evening, and even at mid-day carolled briefly from adjoining thickets. On the river black bass leaped, and dragon-flies jewelled the hushes of noon with prismatic wings.

Three whole days they had basked in the June weather, when the nipping and frosty air of conventionality blew in from the far-off city. Two families arrived at the inn, and as the male head of one of these sat down at the supper table he gulped hard and



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stared nervously at Irene, who was tastefully arrayed in white, with red roses at her breast.

That evening the inn-keeper's wife had called Bruce aside and with many apologies told him she had overlooked the fact that his room had been promised to the new arrivals. She was profuse in her regrets. They could doubtless get accommodations at the next resort up the river, by taking the morning boat. She was so plausible that he did not suspect her, and the next morning they boarded the small craft that plowed up the tortuous current of the wandering river.

At the landing of the next resort they were met by the proprietor who civilly informed Bruce that his place was full to overflowing. Bruce had consulted the Captain of the miniature steamer and he advised their going on up to the last landing, five miles distant, where he was certain they could get rooms. So the boat cast off. But on their arrival at this last inn the message was the same, "no room." The telephone in rural districts is very generally distributed.

By that time, the worm that never dies had begun to manifest signs of activity, and the man understood. The woman had known instantly from the time of the look across the table at their original stopping-place.

They had hired a conveyance at the last hostelry and driven to the nearest railway station, sitting side by side, yet some thousands of miles apart. It had not been an uncomfortable drive for the girl. The poison was working in his veins. Surely this would drive the mists from his brain and cure him of his infatuation. Going home they had travelled with a gay theatrical troupe, a party of "one-night-stand" "barnstormers." These unconventional Thespians made love openly to one another, drank heartily from pocket flasks and beer bottles, and sang, not unmelodiously, the current pestilential ditties of the day. It was their private car, and being the only one in which there were empty seats, Bruce and Irene had been directed

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there. The occupants with their unvarying and typical hospitality had assured the conductor of their willingness to allow anyone to use the empty chairs.

After a general stare at the girl the troupe had resumed its free and easy programme. It nettled Bruce, but the woman at his side felt a responsive

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thrill at the shiftlessness and Bohemian flavor of the devil-may-care groups around her. After all, were not these roistering, sprawling Jacks and Jills nearer her than the smug hypocrisy of the resorters?

Up from the distance had come to her the sounds of piano, harp and violin; mad mazes of voluptuous dancing, the abandonment to dissipation and the senses. Wine, woman and song. That was her sphere. The rôle of the fallen woman; the lights, the puppets, the remorseful interludes, the triumphs and despairs, the mingled blight and solace of the red, red rose of sin.

They had finished the vacation in the flat and he had gradually worn away the stain of the defeat from his memory.

November had come finally, driving the surf of pulverized dust against tall buildings, and flailing russet leaves from the quivering branches that now stretched gauntly skyward along the boulevard.

A change had come over the man. And still the woman brooded and sang stormy chants and played wild music when she was alone. But she gained in strength and resolution with the flying days. It was coming. Was it because he longed for children? Or was it another woman? Or had the scales been brushed from the eyelids, and was he now face to face with the inevitable fact? It was of little consequence. But he was growing haggard and his home-comings were later.

It was for her to cut the Gordian knot. Always in her character there had been that reserve of decision to face any crisis.

One afternoon she packed her trunk and sent it away. She met Bruce that evening with an imperious air.

"Sit down," she began abruptly, "I have something to say to you." She was dressed to go out. He looked at her in astonishment, and she noted keenly the lines that were commencing to form on his brow and about his eyes.

"I am going to leave you in a few minutes," she continued, "and you will never see me again. This life is wearing you to a shadow. It was all a dreadful mistake. But you are young. Go to your best friend, either man or woman, and tell them all about it. Divorce me, and begin life on your own level. I am not going to drag you down."

The man (he was scarcely more than a boy), broke into a passion of sobs, and knelt at her feet, burying his face in the folds of her gown. Nothing is so terrible as a strong man in tears. She smoothed his blonde head and said: "I have wept all my tears in the long ago, Bruce. You know I am right in this, don't you, dear?"

He raised his head. "No! A thousand times No!" was his response.

"You were always a thorough-bred," was the girl's reply. "I can almost envy the happiness you

will give some woman in time to come." He rose to his feet. She stood beside him as tall as a lily, and as fair.

"Goodbye," she cried, flashing her gloved hand at him.

He carried it to his lips, and even in that moment she faded from his sight and life.

In a tall vase on the mantel a spotless lily bloomed, white as the plumage of the far north ptarmigan. At his wife's breast as she had softly closed the door was a red rose.

♦♦♦

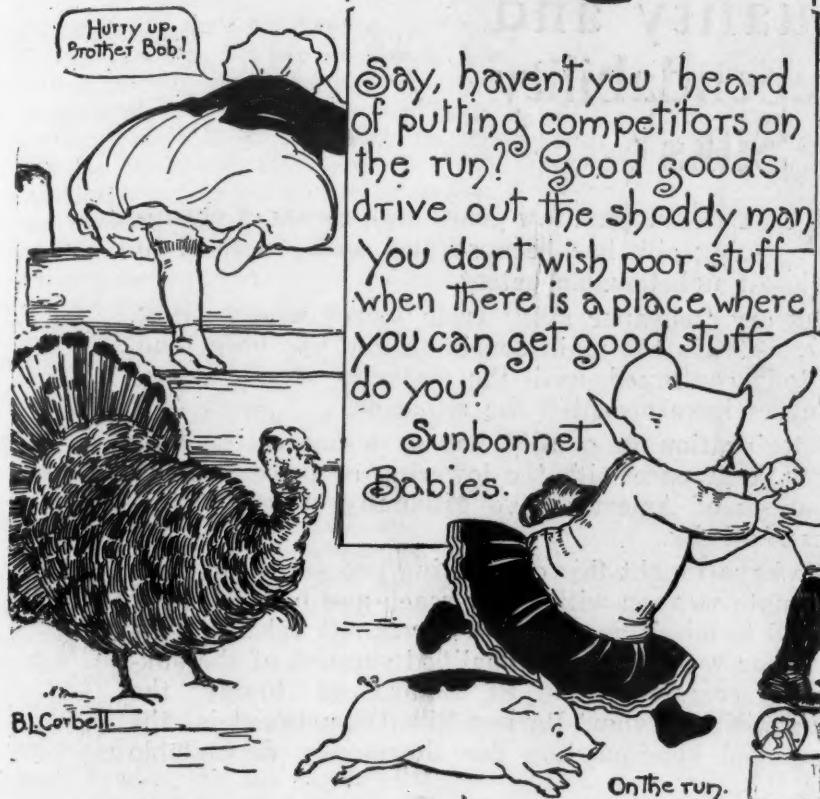
The Apostate's Creed.

I BELIEVE in Gold, the Dollar Almighty, maker of Heaven on earth, and in Legal Trust, the natural issue thereof; which were conceived by Philanthropists, borne by a Patient People, suffered to exist by a Loot-loving Legislature, defended, extolled and worshipped; they descended into the Depths of Extortion, but rose upon the wings of Legal Justification, and sit upon the right hand of the government, from whence they may expect no molestation, even forever;

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Nugents



Say, haven't you heard of putting competitors on the run? Good goods drive out the shoddy man. You don't wish poor stuff when there is a place where you can get good stuff do you?

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On the run.

Is not to appear well and feel well two of the most important things to be thankful for? Near is the time to render thanks. Should you not render a few that you look and feel so well? We can help you to look just right because we carry good goods to do it. That is why we do the business we do, and why our business is growing. Our customers are satisfied with what they buy here. That is why they remain customers, and why they bring others here and make new customers for us. We invite our old customers to our store and ask you to bring your friends along.

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Blue Jay's Chatter

I HARDLY dare to tell it—the piece of news I have. But here goes, though with no names. It is rumored all over town that one of our very biggest financiers, a widower, and a very popular and clever one, not very old, traveled, interested in politics and all that, is engaged to marry a girl, daughter of a very fine family, lots o' mun, too. The daughter is very young, and is now in the East at a finishing school. There are always rumors, Jane, but this one comes to me from eleven different directions, and I just has to take notice of it.

Seems to me that at last there's a woman movement we can't laugh at, in the Consumers' League, Mrs. Hudson Bridge was president until the meeting this week, when Mrs. Dexter Tiffany succeeded her. These women are leaguering together to check bargain chasing. They don't want women to buy sweat-shop goods just because they're cheap. They want women to buy only things that are produced at a decent wage and sold in stores that are good to their help. This looks like the right sort of thing. And the right sort of women are in it; Mrs. Philip Moore, Mrs. Charles Nagel, Mrs. George Hitchcock, Mrs. Gouverneur Calhoun, Mrs. John Holliday Wear, Mrs. Richard E. Shapleigh, Mrs. Valle Ewing, Miss Cornelia Fisher. They take for the spirit of their organization Tom Hood's "Song of The Shirt." A better sentiment, especially around Christmas time, I can't imagine. It's a shame to think what blood and tears and shame and even sin go to the making of some of us women's duds.

Mary Pearson's testimonial-benefit-token-of-esteem concert came and went last week, and soon Mary will be doing the same to Europe—on the proceeds—tickets one and a half plunks, Jane, and you were expect-

ed to buy more'n one, I can tell you. Most of the patronesses were awful mad about it—so somebody told mother. Mrs. Mallinckrodt was one, and I guess she done her noblest, and Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. John Ockerson—but some of the others didn't even know Mary by sight, and they thought it was pretty nerry to be politely requested to forward checks for a dozen or so tickets, especially as church bazaars are "on" and Christmas is arriving fast. But Mary made a lot of money, there was a very good crowd, and right fine folks, too, and the show was out of sight. Mrs. Julius S. Walsh was down to start the programme with the "Angel's Serenade"—where have I heard that tune before, Jane?—but Julius developed symptoms of something that day, and so like a dutiful spouse, she remained at home. Then we had Steve Martin with his tenor voice along, and a new one by the name of Harold, or Percy, or perchance Algernon—come to think of it, 'twas plain Henry, but he looked any of the others, all right—Balfour is the surname, Jane. He is one of the Long Hair Brothers,—and also belongs to the Society for the Subjugation of Vocal Spasms—nice voice, but has the soft pedal habit bad—sang "Annie Laurie" for an encore, Jane, and I saw Bob Kaime duck into the hall quicker'n scat, for fear he'd sing another verse—Miss Eola Calvin was there with her violin,—she seems like a conscientious young lady, but she better get down to hard licks for awhile before she tries any more of those sky-larking, sky-rocketty things on our unaccustomed ears, Jane—you know I love the simple melodies myself—like "Old Black Joe" and others of that same tonal color. Eola looked perfectly sweet in a white dress—all the girls wore white—Edwina Garrison Tutt trailed round in more dots and fluffs with a snappy kind of boa thrown careless like around her person—she sang and didn't do half bad, either. Some girl in a light blue hat sat right in front of me, and nearly drove me to the verge of hysteria, Jane—she was either engaged or married to



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the small and inconspicuous gent along side of her—though Jack declares that she only hopes to be—but anyhow, when Stevie Martin was trilling his tenderest, on some love song, this girl kept leaning over toward the man and pursing up her lips in the most fetching—that is the word—style, ever beheld. Several men near by left hurriedly and sought the fresh air—and the stone image with her never turned a hair, never even turned himself in her direction. Now I don't know whether to be shocked at the girl's er—er

—audacity, or disgusted with the man's lack of interest—which is the proper feeling, Jane? And which would be good form in Paree?

Mary played somewhere down the programme—right clever things they were, too, and of course she had the glad hand, and everybody congratulated her and Mrs. Pearson, and then we all went upstairs and ate salad in the Woman's Club restyouraunt. That is, all of us that couldn't go along to the Miller reception. I forgot to say that Alfred Robyn did the piano playing, and my land sakes! but he does surely know how to steer these young performers over the risky shoals—he is a born accompanist—and you should have seen him work the other night at the Amphion—those boys are dead anxious to knock the polka dots—excuse my vulgarisms, but that's what I mean, nonetheless—off'n the Apollos. I heard the other day that the Apollos had put some of their seats on general sale this year, but I don't believe it—the Amphions say they have the entire Odeon closed up and sold out for the year—mebbe. Lots of empty boxes at this first concert, and say, girl, but you should have been there to watch the "new" people sitting up in the box row and trying hard to look as if it came nacheral. I saw some that had never in all their born days inspected the inside of a box before—the women weren't so bad—they just braced—or laced up stiff and looked neither to the right, nor yet—et-cetra—but the men! They were funny,—didn't know a darned bit what to do with their hands—the Amphion concert was not bad for the beginning that it really is—they sang some of those nice tra-la-la things that Freddy Robyn used to work off on the Apollos, until the subscribers kicked—and then Sophie Galski in a low-cutski, skin-tightski kind of a sea-green gownski, sang thus and so.

There's an awful pile of building going on in this town, Jane. Jack and I drove out through Portland place on Sunday, and the whopping big club-house-looking mansions that are half way along on the brick and plaster, why, you can't count 'em. We are coming on, Jane, in good old St. Louis, and no mistake. Dr. Gamble has an elegant house nearly done—you know the good doctor sold that big tract of land covered with pin-oak trees in the northwest part of town lately, and they say realized enough to put up a dozen such houses as this new one—the tract is now being built up as "Fairy Grove Terrace," or some such fawncy name.

Awkward me! Descanting upon the troubles of Col. Tom Landrum, of the Planters, and in particular on the attempt to freeze him out—which really I hope won't succeed—I told you he had come here with a flourish, and now had come to a pass that his only standby was Jackson Johnson. Well, it seems I put it that the friendship of Jackson Johnson was, in some way, a discredit to Col. Tom, a sign of his fall, which, of course, is not what I meant at all. First place, we all like a man who sticks to his friends in trouble, as Mr. Johnson does to Col. Tom, and, second place, we all know that anyone should be proud of the friendship of such a successful and strictly honorable man as the big shoe merchant, and so Col. Landrum is, in fact, to be congratulated rather than condoled with, as I said, though I didn't mean to. So here I am straightening out a mistake that makes me blush for my clumsiness in saying what I didn't intend to say.

The whirl has begun, my Jane, and a new bud buds every day. Made a big mistake when I told you the crop was small. It isn't. It's not large, either, but kind of middlin' and "werry vigorous," long on French educations and Swiss dialects and all that—the imported variety, you know. May Foster is one of these. And a genuine upper cruster, too, dearest. She looks the patrician right smack down to the ground, and I don't care if her grandfather carried a hod,—which he didn't—and her grandmoth-

er wore wooden shoes—which, confidentially, Jane, she did not—this young slip of a girl is a real Vere de Vere goodlooker, and especially that last. The Fosters, that is, May and her mother, are out at the Buckingham with that lively gang—wouldn't it crack your whip the way folks have rushed to get into that hotel? Why, Jane, they have a waiting list seven yards

long, and some folks that you and I know who used to run their own house of 'steen rooms and seven bath tubs, are living up close to the roof, in a four-by-nine, and glad to do it. Humph! and again humph!

One woman who has only been married a short

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time, and who tried the housekeeping stunt with dire results, at least to Hubby, told me the other day with a merry laugh, that "you could have so much home life in a hotel, if you only knew how." I wonder if she does, or who it was told her that nice platitude.

Marguerite Tower is now properly and appropriately in our very midst, Jane. Somebody said the other day at the reception, "Why, Mrs. Tower, I thought Marguerite made her debut at the Veiled Prophet's ball?" and Mrs. T.'s face was a study, Jane—a struggle to be polite, and yet let the woman know a few in plenty of time. It's awfully hard to get along in society, Jane. Your desire to educate folks fights manfully, womanfully, also constantly, with your determination to be gentle with 'em at all costs. As for me, wouldn't I just like to take some of the snobs out in a quiet back lot, and—oh, Jane, what a savage beast I am—in the duckiest embroidered lingerie waist you ever saw, got it marked down, and Angeline Davis has one just like it. Angeline is another opening bud. She is a niece of Mrs. K. Duncan Mellier, and a right sweet girl. Mrs. M. gave a tea for her last week that was simply elegant, or elegantly simple. I don't know which to call it, but mother said it did her heart good to see that Mrs. M. could entertain and do the thing well without a string band somewhere in a corner, where they would interfere with conversation, without the walls draped in that nasty viney, leafy stuff that tickles your nose and takes the Marcel out of your back hair, and without a million people present to walk on your feet and yell in your ears.

❖

Oh, Jane, Mrs. Mellier, was one of the low-necks at the Miller reception last Friday night, the big one to Monsignor Vaughan, that nice English ecclesiastic who was here for a week and dined and wine so much that I'll bet he went home with a very fair idea of what St. Louis really can do in the eating line occasionally, when she flings herself—well, you know women aren't allowed to uncover their collar bones when any of the Catholic clergy are present—the clergy isn't expected to know that real ladies have collar bones or shoulders at all, though a lace effect may gently insinuate—or perhaps—but anyhow, Mrs. Miller forgot to telephone every woman who was invited not to appear in a low cut, nayther back nor front, and so when the word went round half a dozen women—Mrs. Mellier included—were frantically trying in the dressing room to apply head scarfs and lace mantillas and whatever they had in the way of handy duds, where the same would do the most good. And mother said—she went and not I, Jane,—no bid for a kid like me—the Msgr. is fifty, if he's a day—and mother said Mrs. Mellier made a good job of it, but that one woman ripped the pinked ruffles off'n her pink silk petticoat and draped them round the neck, and that they were sights—I mean, she was. Big jamboree, that Miller recep. You know Mrs. Miller was an O'Fallon, I have, perhaps, reminded you of this potent fact more than once, Jane, and you may be sure that you are to be reminded again and yet again—just as we all feel certain every time we see Carrie that she certain sure belongs to the O'Fallon tribe. The Millers you said you met in Paris last summer. They floated round on your side of the pond quite a spell, and picked up a few real desirable acquaintances like the Monsignor, and some others that they will spring on us before the next twelve-month has waxed and waned. That's the pure, the simon pure advantage to be gained from foreign travel, Jane,—you never know who you are going to meet—and they do say that Carrie and Joe—he used to be Joe, but dearest, he has been Joseph Gilman for two or three years now, ever since they moved into Portland place—were more entertained by the real royalty that they met at the Fair than any other person or persons, except, always, except our dear Dave. But then Dave isn't a private citizen, but a public conveyance—ain't that cute, Jane? I'm stuck on it myself.

There wasn't much at the Miller blow out, except all the uppy-ups. Every darned one—and say, Moth-

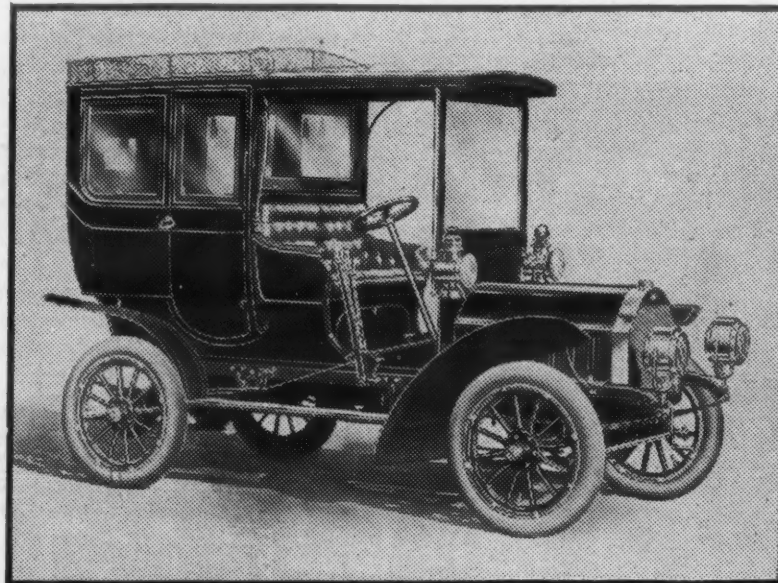
er said, the diamonds and similar precious stones nearly put out her eyes—every woman there who had 'em, just emptied her jewel box on the top of her head and let 'em stick how and where they would. Mrs. Dickson Walsh has got a lot of new gems, and Mrs. John Fowler wore her pearls, the best in town—and one woman, I forget who it was—had a wreath

of diamond leaves in her hair—simply scrumptious. So Eugenia Bakewell Roberts is going to be rivalled after all. You know Eugenia, up to the time of her wedding, had the only tiara in town, Jane.

❖

Teas ad infinitum—ad libitum, ad chocolatum, ad peppermintum—I'm that sick of 'em—and the season

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yet young. The Lanes gave one for Mrs. Ashley Cabell's charming daughter, Margaret, also for Louise Thayer and Marguerite Tower. The Barclays—George, not Shepard, produced for social inspection their daughter, Julia, who, like Abou Ben Adhem, led a few at Wellesley or Bryn Mawr last year—Mary Wright lunched the buds, herself being one at the Woman's Club; Sue Meriweather will make the grand entry to-day, and there are more counties still to be heard from—we are picking up, and no mistake for which Allah be praised. Yours as ever,

BLUE JAY.

Co'n Bread, 'Possum and Coon

By Brillat Savarin

THERE are some features of the education of the negro race that even such far-seeing statesmen as President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland have entirely overlooked. It would repay both of these men for their trouble and expense to visit Lincoln Institute, at Jefferson City, Mo., and look into some problems that confront both the black and white races at the State Capital of Missouri. Lincoln Institute is the State University of Missouri for the negro youth. It is conducted exclusively by negro educators who rank away up in their calling. From an educational standpoint, the school is all right, but the students who attend it have evolved some ideas that cannot be passed over lightly. For instance, when they have advanced to a certain point, say where they can conjugate a Latin verb, they refuse to eat cornbread, asserting that it is a relic of the days of their race's servitude, and should no longer find a place on the table of any educated negro. Well may the layman stop here and ask: "Whither are we drifting?" Does an education destroy the negro's taste for cornbread? Or does it merely give the one acquiring it certain ideas enabling

him to deny what is really in him for the sake of trying to appear different from the rest of his race? Presumably, the latter is the case. Naturally, the colored race ought to be able to decide this matter for itself, but this seems impossible. The old darkeys will not forsake cornbread. They sneer at the pretensions of the educated youth who spurn cornbread as a relic of servitude, and ask them why they don't quit eating altogether, as eating is also a relic of slavery days? "Give us hot biscuit," answer the educated ones, "or give us death." We are a new race. You belong to the past; we are of the present. On us depends the future of the negro race, and we will have hot biscuits or starve." And so the battle rages fiercely. The old darkeys point to George Washington, U. S. Grant, Thomas H. Benton, and even Senator Stone and Governor Folk as men who grew to greatness by eating cornbread. They might as well ask the Missouri River to run up hill, for the educated ones scoff at all such example. They demand hot biscuit, and when they can't get the same, they make out on bacon and potatoes, and pass cornbread up with a viciousness, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken. The line has been drawn, and the race stands divided. Is education responsible? Seemingly, it is. Admitting this conclusion to be

true, is it to the best interests of the race that higher education should be handed to it by the great State of Missouri? This is a question for the statesmen to ponder over.

Grave as is the educational situation with reference to the Missouri negroes, another problem, almost as important, has arisen at the State Capital of Missouri. Of late years, the appetite of the white statesmen at Jefferson City for roast coon and roast 'possum has been developed to such enormous extensions that it is next to impossible for a colored man to procure either of these toothsome animals. This is clearly an invasion of the rights of the colored man. To most of them, it is worse than denying them the ballot. Ex-Secretary of State Sam B. Cook is at the head of the Coon and 'Possum Club of Jefferson City, and, acting upon the advice of Attorney General Hadley, also a member of the club, the country has been scoured for miles around and the coon and 'possum market cornered. It seems that the Attorney General had been informed that the meat trust would probably reach out for these products, and his advice was tendered more with the object of thwarting the octopus than for the purpose of denying the colored people their legendary right to consume most of the coon and 'possum output each year.

FATHER TIME BAFFLED

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And yours at your command.
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But why not have a youthful face?"

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The market, however, has been cornered, and the colored man is left out. Lucky is the darkey who can get on the pay-roll of the club, for that means roast coon and roast 'possum, if the white folks happen to leave any after one of their feasts. In no other way can the colored man get a taste. Should one of them, perchance, catch a 'possum or coon, some white man, either a member or an agent of the club, will offer him such a fabulous price that he cannot help but sell. Moreover, the club, octopus-like, has run a corner on all the coon and 'possum dogs in the country. The dogs that members of the club don't own, work for the club just the same, for their owners have been subsidized, and thus the colored man is cut asunder in his heart's desire, and left to go coonless and 'possumless to bed in a land that fairly teems with "such small deer." Little do the pampered whites know the sorrow they have caused the colored men of central Missouri. Perhaps they don't care, so long as they can stuff their own hides with juicy coon and 'possum, with sweet potatoes and corn dodgers on the side. But they ought to care, just the same. The burden is too heavy for the colored man to bear. He has been driven out of Hog Alley, in Jefferson City, in the name of reform, and submitted to going after an argument based on the force of policemen's clubs, and now he is cut off from roast coon and roast 'possum. In the name of Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley, shall such things be? Rouse ye, Booker Washington and T. Thomas Fortune, and Burghardt du Bois, and Charles W. Chesnutt, and speak the race's woe over such discrimination!

What is here related ought to call the attention of the lovers of equal and exact justice to conditions confronting the negro race in Missouri. The corn-bread and the hot biscuit factions are growing more and more threatening. The gap between them widens from day to day. It is plain that Attorney General Hadley will not proceed against the Coon and 'Possum Club, under the anti-combine laws of the State, because he is a member of the club. Colonel Mose Wetmore doesn't hunt octopuses so small as the coon and 'possum cinch at the State Capital. So what is to be done?

Failure of Paris Sunday Law

By St. Martin

IT has been attempted many times to make each and all happy by law, and still the attempts are to be counted more of failure than of success. At this moment in Paris we are in the excitement of a new effort to force the workers to make their holidays more frequent and fixed. As before, the accomplishment is uncertain. Because of Socialist and Radical demands, a new law to enforce a weekly day of rest was produced, and for a month the government has endeavored to carry out its provisions. To the surprise of many well-meaning persons, the ones to be benefited are making the enforcement a work of difficulty. The law does not require that in all cases Sunday shall be chosen for the holiday. Employers of labor desire to obey the law, but without serious interruption to their business and great inconvenience to the public. They planned with their workmen for alternate rest-days, a part of the employees to take their holiday while others worked. But the plan failed, and confusion and actual want of the necessities of life have followed.

To present the spectacle in its absurdity: The barbers in the Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel heard the decision of the Prefect of Police that they must close their establishments Sundays, but they preferred to close Monday. The workmen gain from Sunday tips and were well pleased. But the barbers from other establishments which had closed, surrounded the ones still open and demanded that work should cease, and making haste to quiet their

demands the workmen laid down their razors and scissors. Patrons were left in their chairs still draped and with soaped and half-shaven faces. Some were like Russian poodles, partly shorn. Waiting crowds of idlers and watching deputations jeered the discomfited ones.

So much was annoying, but not without amusement. In other departments of trade and labor there were disquieting incidents. About the bakeries there were throngs of inquirers of two species—workmen who demanded that their fellows should cease from labor and join them, and customers desiring Sunday supplies. Three thousand bakeries were affected by the declarations of the workmen. Where bakers persisted in their duties there was disorder. Windows were broken, sand and stones thrown in the unbaked bread. Master bakers who had closed their factories went in parties to bakeries that remained open, bought all the bread ready for sale and distributed it without cost to the people. One prosperous but apoplectic proprietor was so affected by the outcry and struggles that he fell in a fit and did not recover.

What meant loss and endless difficulty for some was made a source of gain by others. At the wine-shops in many districts there were procured, for the first closed Sunday, supplies of bread for the demand foreseen, and these loaves were bought eagerly by the poor, but at greater prices. With all this there were many who could not be supplied, and fresh bread was not to be had on the Monday following. Stale loaves only can be found in the bakeries now on Mondays.

At the restaurants there are even more insurmountable obstacles to a complete enforcement of the law. The Sunday dinner is not only the necessity of the individual, it is the need of the family that on other days dines in its own apartments. But the chefs must rest, and to take their places no competent ones can be found. Waiters, too, must for one day desist serving and accepting the tips of the served. The police have complete lists of the employees at each cafe and restaurant, and enforce the rule that only six days of labor shall be performed by them. Those who would rest on another day and work on Sunday are prevented, if possible, by those who are not employed. The Limonadiers' Union, which includes the better part of the restaurant and cafe proprietors, seriously considers the proposal to close entirely and allow the government to observe the distress of the public that would result. This is not to be regarded calmly.

A change is already to be observed in the appearance of the boulevards. There is less of gayety, good humor, and holiday aspect. From place to place of anticipated disagreement go parties of dissatisfied workmen. It does not seem possible that Paris shall come to present such scenes of desolate quiet as the streets of London on Sunday.

There is yet a large and important division of laborers not affected by the law. For seven years railroad engineers and firemen have been assured legally one day of rest in every ten; conductors, guards, and starters, one day in every fifteen; agents at the stations two half-days in the month. In the railroad workshops, however, and in the luggage and goods transportation departments, are many thousands for whom no provision has been made. They will add their appeals for consideration to the differing complaints of those who have been contemplated by the new law, but who are still discontented.

Without doubt there will be a revision of the law. A day of rest is an agreed necessity, but it seems beyond possibility that it may be made of general application for the same day of the week for all in one department of industry. The most determined Socialists and Radicals will not longer insist upon such a regulation. The experiences of the past month have swept away unnumbered illusions.

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Thanksgiving Day

By Jack Hill

LONG years ago, before the time,
Of me—or you—or dad,
The Massachusetts folks were rough
An' the Injuns—they was bad.
Then every fall, with harvest done,
And the weather got real cold;
The Injuns had such appetites,
Their hunger made them bold.
They'd sneak up to the outskirts
Of some little Yankee town,
And steal—and rob—and plunder,
And shoot—and burn—and drown.
They had all sorts of signals,
Most Injuns have, you know;
They would cackle like a chicken,
Or caw—just like a crow.
But one old Injun Chieftain,
More vicious than the rest;
Could gobble like a turkey bird
Just run off from her nest.
But they killed this mean old Injun,
And to celebrate the feat,
They offered up thanksgiving,
And had turkey bird to eat.
And way up there in Yankeedom,
For about a hundred years,
They kept this day all to themselves,
To lay aside their cares.
Abe Lincoln thought them selfish,
So in Eighteen Sixty-three,
He passed his plate the second time
And said, "Turkey bird for me;"
And every year from that date on
We've had a proclamation
From every President that rules,
This turkey-loving Nation.
They use a lot of rhetoric,
And some soft-scented words;
But the substance of their discourse is—
"It's time for turkey birds."

Dramatic

The Duel.

Otis Skinner, as the *Abbe Daniel* in "The Duel," scores an achievement far superior to anything of stellar magnitude he has ever accomplished, and undoubtedly more worthy of his art and effort. Always admirable as an actor, in this exacting role, which makes constant and varied demand upon his dramatic powers he frequently soars toward the pinnacle of permanent greatness.

It is an impersonation that is full of the attributes of the artistic. He does not merely wear the black garb of priestly orders, he bears the priestly soul and reflects the virtues of his kind. And he has as a vehicle an adaptation from the French which is strong in the quality of human passion and big with possibilities for both actor and actress. "The Duel" deals with materials that are always gripping—men and women of blood and bone and human emotions. Coming from France it carries with it the vindictive sting of religious strife—it is the church against the atheist, the atheist against the church, and love is the power brake on all the religious fanaticism. It's the story of two brothers—one the *Abbe Daniel*; the other *Dr. Morey*, a great chemist and an atheist, who have become estranged because of religion. The *Duchess de Chailles*, the unhappy wife of a degenerate under *Morey's* professional eye, is beloved by the alienist and reluctantly returns his affection, for she is a most unhappy daughter of Eve. Her soul is storm-tossed between love and duty. She fears the bliss of that love she has never before felt, because of the attendant sorrows. Groping in the maze, now in the full light of truth and happiness, and again in the gloom of despair, she finally seeks guidance and unwittingly goes to her lover's brother, the *Abbe*. Here the duel—the duel for a soul—has its inception. The priest's advice is according to the stern doctrine of the church; but when the atheist discovers that his brother, whom he loathes, has, as spiritual adviser, threatened to crush all of his worldly hopes and desires, the conflict begins in reality. The *Duchess* still loves the atheist but the *Abbe* dominates her soul, shapes her destiny, as it were. At last she is freed from her unhappy marital ties and the *Abbe* who has sworn to prevent his brother winning her, finally sees a light and on the advice of an old bishop he relinquishes to his brother the woman over whom both exercised such strange and powerful influence. The *Abbe* was very near to being won by the woman's flesh, when he thought he was winning her soul.

It is a small but intelligent and sympathetic company that Mr. Skinner has in support. Principals, and minors contribute in proportion to the excellence of the performance. Keith Wakeman as *Duchess* pictures with a fascinating power the buffeted creature whose heart is a battle-ground for the many conflicting emotions surging within her. Hers is a real tribute to dramatic art and is fully as forceful in its way as Mr. Skinner's delightful *Abbe*.

Walter Hitchcock as *Dr. Morey* often approaches the loftier heights of dramatic achievement. He has conceived a fine scorn for God and religion, the rule of heredity and the impeccability of science and in the very stirring second act his real qualities as an actor are revealed in the clash with his spiritual brother.

Charles Scott, *Monseigneur Bolene*, the kindly old bishop, is thoroughly in harmony with the part he plays—not too zealous a religionist, but an experienced and God-fearing man. And his equable present worldliness solves the problem in the end.

Sarah Padden has a small part in the drama, that of *Yvonne*, servant to the *Abbe*, and acquits herself creditably.

Next week: George Cohan in "George Washington, Jr."

"All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

Henrietta Crosman has a real cyclone of comedy in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," the English show at the Century this week. The comedy bursts upon you as suddenly as *Peggy's* variant impulses rush upon her. From the first act your sparring for breath between laughs. Miss Crosman is pretty much everything there is to the comedy. Her art has the winning wholesomeness of the natural about it all the way through. She fits into the role of the young Irish lass of much wit, many impulses and no conventions, as though it were built around her own conceptions of the part. The author could scarcely have had in mind any smarter *Peggy*. She is the "whole works." It doesn't require any student of the drama to see this. She is at home in this play, if ever an actress was.

The comedy itself has the stamp of genuineness about it, and it appeals because of the familiarity of the materials of which it is made. It always revolves about *Peggy*, whose mother, *Mrs. O'Hara*, a handsome widow, tries to bring about a match with the very serious *Lord Crackenthorpe*, an entymological expert on spiders, and nothing else. The progress the *O'Haras* are making with his lordship arouses the pride and fear of his dependents, and a sort of family conspiracy is begun to prevent the "producer" being captured. But *Peggy* "spills the beans." She doesn't want to marry his lordship, so conceives the idea of marrying her mother to him. To bring this about she pretends to an elopement with his lordship's brother, *Jimmie*, all of which ends happily after *Peggy* has smashed all the social and other conventions that crop out in the progress of her plan. And she ends by marrying the *Lord's* brother, who was originally sent out to make a reconnaissance by the conspirators. The fury of *Lady Crackenthorpe* over the "socially impossible *Peggy*" has scarcely subsided when she learns that *Mrs. O'Hara* has captured the base of supplies, *His Lordship*.

Miss Crosman is magnificently supported, as a rule, by a talented and experienced company. Her sister actresses in the cast are all clever, especially Kate Meek, who plays the haughty and formal *Lady Crackenthorpe*, and Ann Warrington, whose single appearance in the second act, the gossiping neighbor, the *Hon. Mrs. Colquhoun*, proves her an artist of no mean ability.

Ida Waterman is only indifferently effective as *Mrs. O'Hara*, and Jane Marbury looks pretty, and otherwise acts up to her part.

Ernest Stallard, as his lordship, spider enthusiast, novice in love, and many other things, is intensely amusing at times, and is quite the actor of the cast. Frank Gilmore as *Peggy's* sweetheart, is only mildly impressive, as is J. R. Crawford in the rather unpopular part of chief trouble maker for the "sake of the *Crackenthorpe* family."

Next week: Frank Daniels in "Sergt. Brue."

It's always happyland where DeWolf Hopper plays. The elongated comedian with the odd trick of voice and gesture opened at the Garrick Sunday night to a most democratic audience with a taste for oratory and recitation as well as good musical comedy and melody. The clamor for "Casey at the Bat" was only equaled by the perennial call on Chauncey Olcott for "My Wild Irish Rose," but Mr. Hopper has greater power of resistance than the unfortunate Olcott. "Happyland" has no suggestion of its last season's campaign. It's as fresh as a premiere. Everything—musical numbers and comedy—is received as if it was new, and there is much enthusiasm over the chorus both from personal and artistic standpoints. It's not easy to watch Mr. Hopper without being amused. And William Danforth also holds a good hand as second comedian.

Artistic

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Olcott
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QUALITY CORNER

ON LOCUST STREET AT SIXTH.

Little Marguerite Clark is cuter and cleverer than ever and her song, "What's the Difference?", is surely a winner. Cora Dagneau, a new member of the company, sings the part of *Patricia* in a very sweet soprano. And John Hendricks, William Wolf, Joseph Phillips, Frank Casey and Ada Deanes also do creditably.

Next week: Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire. Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee "Jeanne D'Arc"; Tuesday and Friday nights, "John, the Baptist"; Wednesday night, "The Sunken Bell" and Saturday night, "Hamlet."

The forces of good and evil are having a veritable "rough house" struggle at the Imperial this week, and all over

"A Man's Broken Promise." This is a new and stirring piece of man's baseness and woman's wrongs, written by a woman who has a rare knack for such productions. It is presented by a nimble company, which brings out all the minor and major thrills with effect. The midnight marriage and the haunted house scenes are the big things accomplished. Marion Sherwood, Ralph Collins, Alice B. Hamilton and Joe H. Lee fill the principal roles satisfactorily, if not in a wholly praiseworthy manner.

Next week: "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The Vanity Fair Company at the Gayety is presenting an elaborate spectacle feature, "The Birth of the United

States," which is way out of the ordinary on the burlesque stage. And there are any number of other attractive features. John Conley, Jack Shepard and Ruth St. Clair have a bundle of honors in the favorite one act musical skit, "On the Fall River Line," and Belle Wilton is there with funny dual roles in "Our Georgia Rose." The Five English Musketeers, and a novel fencing and dancing act, furnish the feature of an olio full of fun and entertainment.

Next week: The Behman show.

Hap Ward, a clever burlesque comedian, formerly of that great combination, Ward and Vokes, has a new musical show at the Grand this week—"Not Yet, But Soon," in which he plays the

part of a hobo doctor. Ward is always cleverly funny along broad lines suggestive of buffoonery, and he scarcely ever fails to popularize himself with his auditors. He has an added burlesque, "Uncle Tom's Residence," in which he appears a most excruciatingly funny little *Eva* in short skirts. Lucy Daly is mildly amusing as *Mary Wise*, with a "wheel" on chickens. Maud Alice Kelly and Marion Merrill are among the good singers in the cast. Their rendition of "My Irish Girl," with chorus accompaniment, is easily the melodic feature of this generally smart and entertaining production.

Next week: "In Old Kentucky."

There is a lot of features in the High School Girls' show at the Stan-

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In the Celebrated
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THE DUEL

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COHAN**

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ington, Jr."

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THIS WEEK

**HENRIETTA
CROSMAN**

In the Great Comedy
Success

All-of-a-Sudden

PEGGY

NEXT SUNDAY

FRANK

DANIELS

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DeWolf Hopper, Marguerite Clark, William Danforth and 80 others in

"HAPPYLAND"

Beginning Monday night, Dec. 3. Seven Times.

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Monday and Thursday night and Saturday Matinee—JEANNE D'ARC, by Percy Mackaye; Tuesday and Friday nights—JOHN THE BAPTIST, by Herman Sudermann; Wednesday night only—THE SUNKEN BELL, by Gerhart Hauptmann; Saturday night only—HAMLET, by William Shakespeare.
"The Square Deal in Prices" 50c to \$2.50; Box Seats \$3.00

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Tuesday night, December 11

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"TIGER LILIES."

GAYETY

Fourteenth and
Locust Streets

MATINEES DAILY

—THIS WEEK—

VANITY FAIR.

Next Week—THE BEHMAN SHOW

dard. First of all comes Hilda Carle and her spectacularly drilled "Red Ravens," who take the house as well as an insurmountable looking wall, by storm. Then there are the two funny Burkes in the opening travesty, "An Egyptian Lemon," into which a number of new and catchy music numbers have been woven. In the olio, besides "The Red Ravens," are the graceful, melodic Brennans, singers and dancers, the Bijou Comedy Four, and Willard and Hughes, in a comic sketch, "From Bowery to Broadway."

Next week: The Tiger Lillies.

Next Sunday night at the German theater, in the Odeon, another dramatic novelty, "Der Jubilaeums-Brunnen," (The Memorial Fountain), will be presented. The author of this four-act drama is Walther Bloem, who has given some excellent works to the German stage of to-day. The Vienna Hofburg Theater gave enthusiastic reception to the play last year. In St. Louis it has not been seen and only once in New York. Director Welb will stage the drama in his usual artistic way. In addition he will appear in the great character part of *George Elmenreich*, pastor of a Reformed church.

Sothorn-Marlowe Engagement.

Monday night E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe will begin a week's engagement at the Garrick in a repertoire of plays which promises to be one of the big dramatic treats of the season in St. Louis. The four plays to be presented are "Jeanne D'Arc," written especially for Mr. Sothorn by Percy Mackaye, son of Steel Mackaye; "The Sunken Bell," Hauptmann's allegorical drama; "John the Baptist," by Herman Sudermann, and "Hamlet." "Jeanne D'Arc" will be presented Monday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee; "The Sunken Bell" on Wednesday night only; "John the Baptist," Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, and "Hamlet" Saturday night.

The new plays, "Jeanne D'Arc" and "John the Baptist," are said to be particularly strong in dramatic appeal. Both Shakespeare and Schiller have treated the subject of Jeanne D'Arc in a dramatic manner, but neither has followed history and tradition so closely as has Mr. Mackaye. He has preserved most of the larger incidents of dramatic force in the life of the "Maid of Orleans"—her peasant days and visions at Domremy, the meeting with King Charles and her devoted admirer, Jean, the Duc D'Alencon, in the Castle of Chion; the attack on Tourelles; the siege and capture of Orleans; the coronation ceremony at Rheims, her prison life at Rouen, and finally the execution of the deliverer of France, which is only suggested in the Mackaye piece. The drama will be elaborately staged, as both Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe have lavishly expended their own means to make of it a brilliant production.

"John the Baptist" is the Suderman play presented originally under the title of "Johannes." It is a Biblical drama, founded on the marriage of Herodias and Herod Antipas, the desertion by the woman of Herod's brother, Philip, and the execution of John the Baptist, who had denounced both Herodias and her daughter, Salome. Mr. Sothorn plays the part of John the Baptist, and Miss Marlowe that of Salome.

Among the excellent actors and actresses engaged for the support of the two stars are: Messrs. Lewis, Titherage, Crompton, Buckstone, Wheelock Eric, Howson, Crawley, Anderson, Miles, Kelly, Taylor, Reese and Aspland; the Misses Kruger, Lamison, Crew, Wilson, Stanford, Stoughton, Hammond, and Mrs. Sol. Smith.

Caloric Interval in Minstrelsy.

Society will be treated to its annual diversion by the Hot Time Minstrels at

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the Odeon Monday and Tuesday evenings, December 10 and 11. The minstrel scene will be staged more elaborately than ever. The roof garden of the Hot Time Club will be shown. The minstrels, as club members, will be seated about tables with Joseph A. Buse, in the role of club president and toastmaster. The end men, as negro waiters, will be Messrs. Leone Gale, John Dauer, Frank Davidson and William Lawrence. Messrs. Gale and Lawrence will sing in feminine costume and Mr. Davidson will dance as a negro "swell." Mr. Dauer will sing topical songs with local allusions. The balladists will be Stephen A. Martin, tenor; Wallace Niedringhaus, baritone; Leslie Cash, basso, and Forrest Shackelford, tenor. Dempster Godlove and Charles Roe, Noel Poeping, the musical director, has arranged a programme of the season's newest and catchiest songs and choruses. The opening part of the program will comprise an imitation of Lew Dockstader, by Andrew Arbuckle, brother of Macklyn Arbuckle, and a sketch entitled "The Tale Bearers," written especially for the Hot Time Minstrels, by Mr. Harry L. Dunlap of St. Louis, which will be presented by Messrs. Buse, Lawrence and Sumter Calvert.

Lyman Howe's Picturefest.

For nearly fifteen years Lyman H. Howe has been a familiar figure on the ground of the important events of international politics and trade. His agents are constantly on the lookout for interesting points of the world's work, his system being similar to that of the illustrated weeklies, the only difference being the kind of photography. Where the press photographer has a single exposure, Lyman H. Howe or his agents obtain a picture of the occurrence. The new programme which will be shown in the Odeon two nights and two matinees commencing Friday, November 30th, is considered superior to all his previous efforts. It is replete with novel features of absorbing interest.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

German Theater—Odeon

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Music

Beethoven Conservatory Recital.

Faculty recitals have made up much
of the music of the week. The faculty
of the Beethoven Conservatory gave an
unusually attractive programme Thurs-
day evening at Beethoven Hall. The
chief point of interest was the appear-
ance of Mr. Ferdinand Jaeger of Berlin,
who has this season taken charge of
the vocal department of the Epstein's
school. Mr. Jaeger sang the prologue
to "Pagliacci," Schubert's "Serenade"
and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." The
young baritone possesses a voice of
most agreeable quality and ample com-
pass. He sings artistically, and with
genuine feeling, and although he does
not tear passion to tatters, as has be-
come the fashion in the Leoncavallo
number, his interpretation of this pop-
ular prologue is most impressive. Mr.
Jaeger's work shows intelligence and
much study combined with temperament
and a fine voice.

At this recital also were heard Mr.
C. Jacob—good musician and violinist—
Miss Elizabeth Webb, Miss Emily
Hammer, Mr. H. Brandt, Mr. Emmett
Murphy and the brothers Epstein.



Miss Pettingill's Musicales.

Mme. Kalden-Bennett, a coloratura
soprano, also from Berlin, who is the
vocal instructor at Miss Pettingill's
School, was introduced to Miss Pettin-
gill's friends at a musicale at the Musi-
cal Art Building, Saturday evening.
Mme. Bennet sang tastefully the "Ro-
mance des Aennchen," from Weber's
"Freischutz," the recitative and aria
from "Rinaldo," by Handel, an Allitsen
song with violin obligato, and an aria
from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro."

The Beethoven symphony played at
the Union Musical concert as piano
quartette was repeated, and Miss Agnes
Gray and Miss Pettingill played Schutt's
colorful suite for violin and piano.



Testimonials.

The Testimonial concert season is
on. Miss Mary Pearson, assisted by a
horde of vocalists and instrumentalists,
gave the opening function last week at
the Woman's Club. Miss Genevieve
Hussey, aided by Victor Lichtenstein,
Nathan Sacks and others, will be "ten-
dered" a concert at the Musical Art
Building next week, and Miss Stella
Hollaway benefits the following week.
Miss Claire Norden, Mr. Clinton Elder
and Miss Genevieve Hawes assist Miss
Hollaway.



New Mexico-St. Louis Special

The most fastidious traveler anywhere
could not find fault with the new special
service between Mexico and St. Louis,
which was inaugurated on Tuesday,
Nov. 20, by the Iron Mountain & South-
ern, Texas & Pacific, International and
Great Northern and the National Lines
of Mexico. It is a train de luxe of the
two Republics, and is one of the most
handsomely appointed and comfortable
ever operated between these two widely
separated points. It makes the journey
of 1876 miles in 27 hours and 43 min-
utes' faster than the next shortest route,
and traverses a country in which change
of scene is almost incessant. There
are 250 stations between these points,
but the special train de luxe stops at
only eighteen of them. Twelve of the
fastest engines on the four systems draw
this up-to-the-minute train over the
ground with the speed of greyhounds.
The train is made up of buffet and
smoker, dining car, compartment, li-
brary and observation cars. The ser-
vice is designed for none but sleeping
car passengers, and for these every ac-
commodation yet contrived is provided.

MacCarthy-Evans-Von Arx's Kindlier Caricatures



Here We Mirror Wm. Marion Reedy,

The man who "reflects" so fearlessly once per week for St. Louisans
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In the same week that Reedy is flattening out some bumptious
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An Old Magazine Revamped

BY ALEXANDER N. DEMENIL.

The first two numbers (the October and the November, 1906) of the new *Putnam's Monthly* have appeared. To those who expected much, relying on the promises of the publishers, they must necessarily have come in the light of a disappointment. The publishers evidently anticipated this, as pages upon pages are devoted to singing the praises of the old *Putnam's*, as if within the assertion of the glory of the old lay a proof that the new magazine could not but be equally as good and meritorious. The plea seems almost a childish confession of inferiority.

Who to the new *Putnam's* will contribute such delightful essays, poems and sketches as Lowell, Thoreau, George William Curtis, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Parke Godwin did to the old *Putnam's*? Surely not Theodore Roosevelt (his article in the October *Putnam's* is actually headed "By President Roosevelt"!); not Miss Gilder, with her "Lounger" department, which is far more fit for the "patent inside" pages of a country weekly than the initial numbers of a Twentieth century American magazine; nor George M. Gould, nor Minna Irving, nor Richard Watson Gilder, nor a dozen others who are heralded so loudly as the great contributors to the new *Putnam's*.

There is one thing that George Putnam's Sons will have to do if they wish to make the reading public believe that they intend to try to publish a great magazine; they will have to remove all trace and evidence of the old *Critic* and the Gilders, male and female and otherwise, from the new *Putnam's*. The *Critic* (a critic only in name) has never been anything but a dismal failure, intellectually and financially, and represented merely the opinions and favoritisms of the Gilder family, which, in a literary sense, is not saying anything worthy of very serious consideration.

The new *Putnam's* is larger, much handsomer typographically, and very much better illustrated than the old *Putnam's* was; but that is all, by way of comparison, that can be said in its favor. Of course, it would be unjust for me to aver that there are not some very interesting and moderately capable articles in these two new *Putnam's*,—articles which will compare very favorably with the general run of magazine articles nowadays, but the eternal sing-song of "great was the old *Putnam's*" forces invidious comparisons that are not at all to the credit of the new *Putnam's*.

I will close by transcribing some clever and fanciful lines from "October," by Don Marquis, in the October issue:

*Doublet slashed with gold and green;
Cloak of crimson, changeful sheen,
Opulently opaline,
Of the dews that gem his breast;
Frosty lace about his throat;
Scarlet plumes that flirt and float
Backward in a gay unrest—
Where's another gallant drest
With such tricky gayety,
Such unlessoned vanity?*

*With his amber afternoons
And his pendant poets' moons—
With his twilights dashed with rose
From the red-lipped afterglows—
With his vocal airs at dawn
Breathing hints of Helicon—
With the winding of the horn
Where his huntsmen meet the morn—
Bacchanalian bees that sip
Where his cider-presses drip—
Where his ever piping breeze
Shaking from familiar trees
Apples of Hesperides—
With the chuckle, chirp and trill
Of his jolly brooks that spill
Mirth in tangled madrigals
Down pebble-dappled waterfalls;
Brooks that laugh and make escape
Through wild arbors where the grape*

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*Purples with a promise of
Racy vintage rare as love—
With his merry wanton air,
Mirth and vanity and folly,
Why should he be made to bear
Burden of some melancholy
Song that swoons and sinks with care?*

Harris Burland's new and weird and highly imaginative novel is a sure enough gold brick story. The author's hero works the transmutation game, until he has the walls of the Bank of England on the bulge, and all the modern Croesuses looking like "soiled deuces in a clean pack." While he grinds out gold by the ton, however, the taint gets into his blood, shrivels his soul, and his troubles only begin to multiply. The transmutation is accomplished through the agency of a mystic symbol, stolen many years ago

from a queer sect in China. The Chinese have never ceased searching for the magic bauble, and their way of "starting things" for its possessor and making him wish he had never seen gold is unique, to say the least. There are mysterious visits from giant bo-constrictors, more mysterious murders and happenings, until finally it is found that the agent of the *Kaio Lungs* is at the bottom of it all. The lust for gold would indeed be a terrible malady, even if it was only half as bad as it is pictured in "The Gold Worshipers." (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.)

"Sweethearts Always," a compilation of love poems, including selections from the works of many masters, is an attractive gift book issued by Reilly & Britton, publishers, of Chicago. Pretty near everything worth saying and ex-

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quisitely sung of the tender passion may be found in this volume, which is handsomely printed and illustrated. Janet Madison, who made the compilation, must have searched exhaustively for her material.

Ye Olden Songs.

Charles E. Ware—our own Charley—has done something that will endear him to all lovers of the old-time songs—the songs of the simple life and noble sentiments of our forefathers. He has collected 56 of these old melodies, many of them in their original print, and presents them in a goodly-sized volume under the title of "Ye Olden Time Songs." We all love the good, old tunes and ballads of yesteryear—and it is mighty convenient to have both words and music when we fall into that happy reminiscent mood when we would sing the songs that first charmed our hearts. Mr. Ware hasn't overlooked any of the old favorites, and has even found some that many of us, no doubt, had quite forgotten. Mr. Ware's book will do much to foster the spirit that seems to be growing stronger for a return to the melodies of the past and their loftier sentiments. His volume should be in every music room. It is always companionable. (Buxton & Skinner, St. Louis, publishers).

A hat—something like the chapeau that J. West Goodwin used to wear—furnishes the theme for Henry Irving Dodge's allegorical tale, "The Hat and The Man." The hat effects a weird transformation in those who wear it and the poet who inherits it from his rich father is transformed into a crass materialist whose hand is against everybody. But the hat is put out of business with a charge of shot and the youth with poetic fervor is saved from himself and for the girl who loves him. (Dillingham Company, New York).

You'll think better of cigarettes, probably forget their odor, after you have read "Cigarettes In Fact and Fancy," by Jno. Bain, Jr., (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston). Mr. Bain knows all about tobacco. It's his favorite theme. He writes on it with evident affection as well as entertainingly. One wouldn't think "Cigarettes" such an interesting subject until he has read Mr. Bain's instructive little volume. All its detractors don't know, for instance, that the "coffin tack" antedates the pipe and cigar several centuries; that Columbus' crew were the first white men to use it, borrowing the idea, perhaps the "makins," from the San Domingans. The cigarette has quite a history indeed. It has belted the world and attracted the attention of men of brains and capital in all countries. The French were the first to make rice paper, but Americans and Englishmen and Germans were soon hustling in the same field. The Cubans took a turn at the game and made scented, flavored and tinted papers out of cotton product, but these didn't last long. Every country is interested in some way in the "cig," but there is, perhaps, no city that can compare with Cairo for consumption of it. Everything but the camels and the donkeys smoke 'em there. France has the reputation of making the worst cigarettes of any nation. Nobody can smoke them but a Frenchman, they say. Turkey and the United States seem to have the call in the quality and trade. But the cigarette makers in other lands aren't by any means impoverished.

When Clifton Johnson went a-penning and kodaking from New Orleans to St. Paul, he didn't intend that his very interesting book, "The Highways and Byways of the Mississippi Valley" should exhaust every topic of interest to be encountered in that extensive journey. He was just journeying through the country casually, almost as fancy dictated and sought only those sights

and scenes that appealed to him. For this reason he appears to have slighted many sites and subjects of historic and other interest, but it was not because he was unaware of their existence. He has made no pretense of doing the highways and byways to a frazzle, yet, despite seeming neglect of some things he has produced a most delightful book of impressions. In his tour of the South, in fact, throughout his entire journey, he seems to have come in contact chiefly with the poorer classes of farmers and toilers in the rural districts. But he certainly discovered much interesting "unused conversation" and material among them. The voodoo stories of the old Southern negroes and of the superstitious whites even, form one of the odd features of his experiences. He isn't very enthusiastic about the parts of the South he visited, or Southerners he met, but as he comes North he seems to wax more enthusiastic. His chapters about Illinois, including the historic Nauvoo Mormon settlement and of Missouri's Ozark

dweller and Mark Twain's old home are about the most interesting in the story, though there is scarcely an uninteresting page in the book. The author has got close to the people wherever he has traveled and his keenness of observation and inquisition is amply attested by their characteristic utterances anent country and custom, and the various problems of life. The cotton and cane fields and cotton-picking of the South are themes he has dwelt upon in a manner that compels attention; also the rice fields of Louisiana, the "gator" hunting of the natives along the bayous and sloughs and many other topics and facts which other writers might have cast aside as too commonplace. The first and final impression of these travels is a favorable one; the author's style is simple, lucid and chatty, and there is an occasional touch of humor to heighten interest in the people of the Valley, their manners and customs. (The Macmillan Company, New York).

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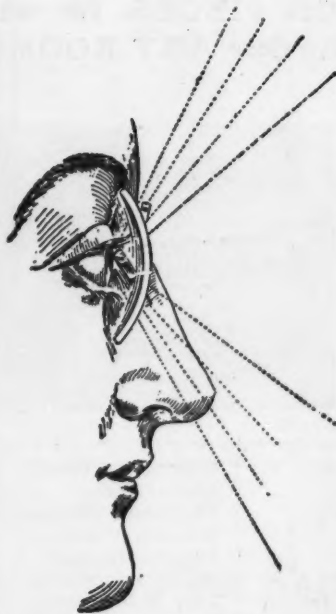
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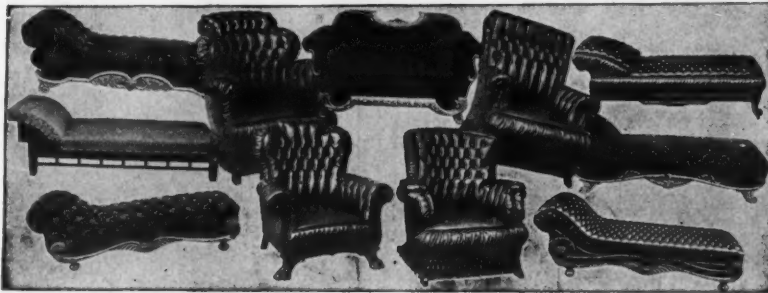
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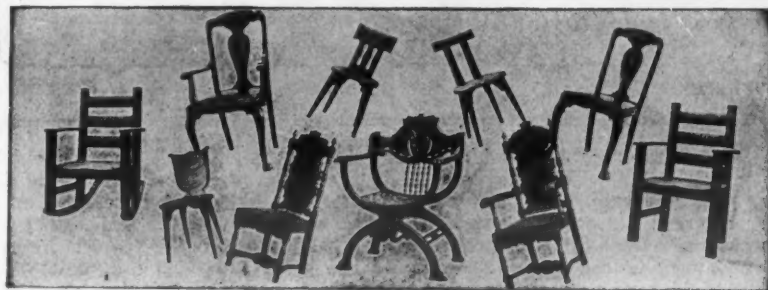
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"The Standard Operas," compiled by George P. Upton, will prove more valuable to the public than to musicians. It contains the history of all the standard operas, past and present, as well as brief sketches of their composers. The work contains, of course, many operatic works classified as "standard," which may not prove so, but this classification has been given them by competent authority. At any rate, Mr. Upton's work will prove indispensable to the musically uneducated, and will at least afford them a clear understanding of the operas they are likely to hear. The illustrations enhance the value of the book, the portraits being of many prominent grand opera artists in their favorite roles. (A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago).

♦♦♦

An Open Letter to Dr. Dix

Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons has written a book on the Family, in which, among other things, she advocates what may be called probationary marriage. Rev. Morgan Dix, and other preachers, denounce the book. Dr. Dix's denunciation has brought out the following reply, which shows that the clergy have not all the reason, if any, on their side of this fundamental aspect of the divorce question.

64 Wabash avenue,

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 19, 1906.

Rev. Dear Dr. Dix:

I feel impelled to add my commendation to the vast flood of similar expressions with which your mail is probably inundated since your attitude with respect of the inflexible sanctity of the marriage relation has been so widely made public by the associated press dispatches.

And it is fitting, too, that such a firm stand should be taken from the illustrious pulpit that you honor and grace. Old Trinity has always stood against dangerous innovations, both in its ecclesiastical capacity and in its function as the worthy conservator of its endowment fund.

When the recolonization and rebellious spirit of hot-headed insurgents was intent upon wrenching the beneficent ties that bound the crown colony of New York to King George of divine appointment, Old Trinity thundered its wise warnings against sedition and disruption. And the degeneracy which has developed because the sage counsel of Trinity went unheeded by the higher moral atmosphere prevailing in the colonies that have proved faithful to the head of the Anglican church, as compared with the regression in our own country toward lower levels.

And when, in the "fifties" the rights of property were threatened by the dangerous and fanatical abolitionists, Trinity's pulpit, in no uncertain sound, admonished against the deprivation of widows and orphans at the South, whose property, bought with patrimony and earnings, was near the peril of extinction. And because the sapient warnings of Trinity were not accepted our country was plunged into the throes of a wasteful, fratricidal conflict, entailing many grievous blows, directly and indirectly, upon the clear moral atmosphere that obtained in those days, despite the success of the revolution against the Lord's anointed.

So often has Trinity come to the rescue of the social structure that it has well earned the proud dignity of having become the foremost of all modern saviors of society.

You are reported as saying that "where so much is bad it is hard to say which is worst." Had the kindly wisdom of Trinity been always taken as the great moral beacon light it verily was, things had never come to such a pass as would make your declaration possible. But alas, the people are moved by some singular infatuation that seems to prompt them toward dangerous freedom, and you are to be thanked for so promptly pointing out the hazards which a culmination of that impulse certainly implies.

I trust that your logical argument will

fall upon fertile soil, so that this spirit of innovation may be curbed. For, as you have well pointed out, it is inconceivable that children can be well cared for without having a home in which such care may be extended, and home is altogether impossible unless it be held together by a wise exercise of the compulsive principle. A home that is to be held together merely by affection and mutual esteem and helpfulness is dependent, truly, upon a slender reed. All right-minded people must agree with you, reverend sir, that unless people who find that they have erred in the selection of life partners are compelled to abide by their original choice society must perish from the earth.

Surely we have evidence upon evidence in vast volume to convince even the most sceptical that the children of divorced persons always, (or in such large proportion as to nearly amount to totality), become charges upon the state. And even if data were not so readily ascertained, our moral perception and intellectual acumen must force the conviction that it could not be otherwise.

Liberty makes many fanciful and poetic appeals to the imagination, but sober, practical, common sense rightfully fears the principle of Liberty in the every-day experience of mankind. So grand, so significant, so enduring and so satisfactory have been all the institutions based upon the denial and restriction of Liberty, that he must be blind who cannot see, and perverse who will not; and the wisdom of the future will contrive asylums for these perverse as philanthropy has established refuges for those deprived of the blessing of physical vision.

Assuring you, reverend sir, of my appreciation of your efforts to save society from the perils which threaten its existence, and wishing you many years of vigor and purposefulness in upholding the illustrious traditions of Old Trinity, both as a moral force and as a wisely administered corporation, I remain, with profound respect, your obliged and humble servant.

HERMAN KUEHN.

♦♦♦

D. O. C. Ball

The event of the immediate social season will undoubtedly be the reception and ball given by the Daughters of the Confederacy for the benefit of the St. Louis Confederate monument, on Thursday evening next, December 4th, at the Planters Hotel. It goes without saying that the chivalry and culture and beauty of this city are largely bound by ties of tender memory to the story of the great deeds and great sorrows of the Lost Cause, and therefore it is a safe prediction that the gathering at this ball will be the most brilliant assembly that ever gathered together at a social function. The tickets are disposed of at \$5.00 a piece. All the debutantes of the season with their swarm of cavaliers, all the most distinguished matrons and the most prominent men in business and the professions will be seen upon the floor. It will be a very brilliant spectacle, indeed.

♦♦♦

For the Football Championship

Everybody will be keen for the football game to-day. The crack St. Louis University eleven will meet the hard tackling and fast Iowa University team in what promises to be a bitter struggle for the championship of the West. The game will be played at Sportsman's Park, beginning at 2:30 p. m. Coach Cochem's warriors never were in better shape for a hard contest, and all are confident of holding Iowa safe. They have been putting in some hard licks at practice, and will present their most formidable front Thanksgiving Day. The Iowa team have played as strong a game as the St. Louis U.'s, but of late have not had a very fair division of the luck of the game. They are as confident of winning as the local team, and a great, fast and clean contest is looked for.

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Evils of Journalism

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 23, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Permit me to encroach upon the liberality of your columns to make inquiry as to why is it that newspaper men so strenuously object to public criticism, especially from each other?

Just a day or two ago Mr. Wm. R. Hearst, a titanic journalist, whose editorials, though inspired by him, are as I understand it, written by the master hand of Brisbane, entered the sanctum of the "holy of holies"—the auxiliary mouthpiece of Joseph Pulitzer—the *Post-Dispatch*—and was there taken ruthlessly to task by Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., for publicly criticising his father, both on the stump and through the editorial columns of the Hearst journals.

Why is it that Mr. Hearst, himself a despoiler of men's characters and reputations, should object to Mr. Pulitzer publicly exposing him and clamoring to the dear public to "down with Hearst?"

Why is it that Mr. Pulitzer's son possesses the inherent disposition of his father to combat and oppose vigorously and physically any attempt on the part of Mr. Hearst to expose the chicanery (real or imaginary) of Pulitzer and his journalistic minions and ghouls?

Why is it that Pulitzer should object to what Hearst finds it right and proper to do, regarding the criticism of Pulitzer?

Why is it wrong for Pulitzer to attack Hearst when Hearst considers it right and justifiable to attack others?

Why is it that men who call themselves journalists will destroy hard-earned and honorable reputations, and libel others with impunity, and then object to some other journalist of perhaps more brains and less conscience publishing the truth about them, and extracting from the inner recesses of secret hiding places the tragic skeletons of their own misdeeds?

The Hearst papers have cold-bloodedly vilified the reputations of many honest men, and with satanic laughter held high revel upon their remains.

The Pulitzer papers have with fiendish delight attacked the characters of good citizens and often driven unto death others who were less guilty than the men who libelously penned the words.

The press is a quasi-public institution, and renders wholesome and valuable service to the people, when engaged in promoting the public welfare, and exposing the culpability and corruption of public officials, but it has no right to heinously attack the reputations of men, by the system now in vogue and so popular with the Hearst and Pulitzer press-bunds.

Mr. Pulitzer got a taste of his own bitter tonic from Mr. Hearst, and the inherent qualities of the father, amply fortified Mr. Pulitzer, Junior, with the necessary force to give back in a measure to Mr. Hearst a physical return for some of his abuse meted out to others.

It is truly a gratifying sight to witness the Hearst-Pulitzer imbroglio—for the poor public can look on and still exclaim: "Why is it they object to some of their own medicine?"

The next session of the Legislature should pass an addenda to the libel laws. The penalties for libel should be something so drastic in its nature, as to compel journalists of the Hearst-Pulitzer school to pause and realize the punishment in store for them before vilifying citizens *ad-libitum*.

Will the editor of the MIRROR, during his hours of "reflection," tell us why is it that Hearst objects to Pulitzer doing that which has made Hearst's papers run a race with Pulitzer's, as to which is the most notorious and unfit for circulation?

VOX POPULI.

[Editors and publishers are human be-

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ings, not gods, or devils. They don't always realize it when they are tyrannical, cruel, unwarrantably vicious or absurd. Nobody does. Editors don't know how their "roasts" or "exposes" affect others until they get soaked themselves. Then they pause and reflect; but the people at large seem to want hot stuff and the papers that give it get the money and the editors and publishers go ahead with the game. As to libel laws, they may be too stringent, and thus curb criticism of those who should be criticised. When the function of criticism is pushed to an extremity and becomes mere slander and abuse, there is now a remedy at law. Where newspapers abuse newspapers it is, as we say, a stand-off. In dealing with individuals all newspapers make mistakes for which they frequently have to pay. For all the evils of journalism the remedy is in the people's hands. They can refuse to read the scurrilous publications. ED. MIRROR].

A little girl asked her mother if there were any men in heaven.

"Mamma," she said, "I never saw a picture of an angel with a beard or a mustache. Do men ever go to heaven?"

"Oh, yes," replied her mother, "men go to heaven, but it's always by a close shave."

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We want words for a song to be dedicated to "NADJA CAMELS," and offer \$15 cash for the first best, \$10 cash for second best, and a five-pound box of our delicious Chocolates for third best composition of three verses, adapted to some popular air. This contest closes December 31st next.

A committee of three well-known citizens will be appointed to decide the prize winners, and the names of prize winners will be announced in these columns.

When sending in your composition write your name and address on a separate sheet. Each composition will be numbered immediately upon receipt of same. In that way the contest will be absolutely fair, as the judges themselves will not know who the prize winners are until after their decision.

Everyone is eligible to compete, whether living in St. Louis or elsewhere. You have as good a chance as anyone else, so get busy. No compositions returned before or after the contest closes. Address all communications to

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The Stock Market

The Great Northern "melon-cutting" has disappointed the frantic Wall street bulls. The company has not ordered anything like the one hundred per cent dividend expected all along. President James J. Hill announces that a Lake Superior Iron certificate will be given each Great Northern stockholder for every share of Great Northern owned. When the full import of this had been grasped, speculative holders of Great Northern promptly proceeded to realize their accumulated profits. This caused a quick break in the price of the shares from 333 to 314. The shares sold at 348 last February. For the present, the value of Lake Superior certificates is hypothetical. The profits on these is to be derived from the lease of the Great Northern's ore properties to the United States Steel corporation. The general belief is that about three per cent will be paid on the certificates in 1907, when the profits from the lease are estimated at 42½ cents for each certificate. As the United States Steel Corporation has to pay a higher price every year for the iron ore mined, the profits on the certificates will naturally enhance accordingly, and so, of course, should the value of the certificates.

The Great Northern certainly made a splendid investment, when it acquired the Mesaba range of iron ore lands, about twelve years ago, from James J. Hill and his associates. The transaction involved a cash expenditure of only \$900,000 on the part of the company. At that time, the value of the ore properties was practically unknown. Some authorities stuck for years to the belief that the Great Northern had been saddled with a mighty poor investment. Only recently it became definitely known that the Mesaba range properties contained iron ore of the value of something like \$500,000,000. It was this stupendous valuation that induced the remarkable strength and rise in the quotations for Great Northern stock, which, as a 7 per cent dividend-payer, pays only 2 1-7 per cent at 300. The multiplying and confident predictions of a 100 per cent dividend evoked energetic support to the stock every time it dropped several points, purchasers acting on the theory that the quotation would be around 400 before the end of the year 1906.

Broadly considered, James J. Hill acted prudently in this matter. While disappointing the gamblers, he has safeguarded the permanent interests of legitimate investors. In the end, his method of "melon-cutting" should prove more profitable to holders of Great Northern stock than the distribution of a 100 per cent dividend would at this time. He has made a fine deal with the United States Steel Corporation. In leasing the Mesaba ore properties, the steel trust has taken a long and not very safe risk. The officials of the latter corporation seem to have acted on the presumption that the Great Northern's ore properties are the most extensive and most valuable remaining in this country. This alone must be the compelling reason for the trust's agreement to pay a graduated rising price schedule for the ore mined. The steel people do not seem to have any fear of a severe reduction in, or complete removal of, the tariff duties on steel products. Or is it possible that they have grown convinced they can manufacture steel at less cost than their European competitors? That may be, especially since it is well known that the United States iron ore mines are much more extensive than those of European countries. The monopoly of the United States Steel Corporation has been "cinched." It owns a natural product of the soil which is even more valuable and indispensable than that controlled by the Standard Oil Co. With the iron ore privately monopolized, the quotations for steel products can be raised *ad libitum*.

The feverish advance and sensational breaks in Standard Oil cause no end of wonderment in Wall street quarters. A few days ago, the Rockefeller shares touched 512, but have since rallied again to about 525. The stock exchange people do not relish these sensational movements in Standard Oil. Neither do they relish the interminable legal attacks on the oil trust in State and Federal courts. They are afraid of portentous consequences. They are afraid lest the Rockefeller crowd should try to revenge itself on the governmental authorities. That they could do so, cannot be questioned. They have both the means and the mettle. The Standard Oil people are directly or indirectly interested in a great number of railroad and industrial corporations. They control many banks. If they were so inclined, they could literally swamp the investment markets with their holdings of shares and bonds. They could precipitate a panic that would overshadow anything that has been seen in that line for many years. They could induce a contraction in the money market that would spell havoc to the business world. So far, the Rockefeller clique seems to have consoled itself with the thought that the numerous assaults on their fortifications are nothing but grand-stand play. But let them once become convinced that the fight against them is on in earnest, and you will witness some highly sensational developments in security and money markets.

The bank statement of last Saturday showed an additional gain in surplus reserves, which now stand at \$4,403,425 above the legal limit of 25 per cent. The loan item showed the first increase in weeks. The surplus reserves are still the smallest, for this date, since 1890, the only exception being 1903, when, it will be remembered, the stock market was in serious convulsions and security prices melting away at a disastrous rate. The Bank of England reports a strengthened position, but it still maintains its official 6 per cent rate of discount. Fears are entertained that South American countries may withdraw further amounts of gold from London in the near future. If such should be the case, and American speculative syndicates make new attempts at raising additional loans in the London market, the Bank of England might yet be forced to raise its official rate to 7 per cent. Otherwise, general expectations favor a gradual lowering of money rates. In New York, the call rate, after soaring to 12 per cent, has dropped back to about 6 and 7 per cent, while time money remains strong at 7 and 8 per cent. It is reported that the squeeze in the money market has led to a decided abatement of the real estate boom in the East.

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Local Securities.

There was a little more activity in the St. Louis market latterly, with slight gains in values in a few directions. In the financial group, State National climbed to 203, on the announcement of the regular semi-annual 4 per cent and an extra 4 per cent dividend by the directors, making 8 per cent for the past six months. Since then the shares have receded on profit-taking, the present quotation being 193 asked. The little flurry in State National called forth buying in some other bank stocks, the result being small gains in several instances. Bank of Commerce rose to 326, St. Louis Union to 391 bid, 396 asked, Missouri-Lincoln to 134 bid, 135½ asked. Mississippi Valley changed hands at from 325 to 325¾. A lot of five shares of Third National sold at 303¼. Commonwealth Trust sold at 331.

United Railways common is quoted at 45½ bid, 46¼ asked, a few sales making at 46. The preferred is apathetic at 81½ bid, 81¾ asked. The 4 per cent

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If you wish to send money to your friends or relatives in the Old Country at

CHRISTMAS TIME

You can forward it quickly and safely through this company at reasonable rates. We will be pleased to explain to you, either in person or by correspondence, our methods of issuing drafts payable in all foreign countries.

MERCANTILE TRUST CO.

8TH AND LOCUST STS.

FESTUS J. WADE, President.

GEORGE SCHUCKNER, Mgr. Foreign Exchange Dept.

INTEREST.

3 % ON SAVINGS—2 % ON CHECK ACCOUNTS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.
NINE AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS

St. Louis Union Trust Company

AT ST. LOUIS.

Condensed Statement Made to Secretary of State at the Close of Business,

NOVEMBER 12, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Time Loans	\$13,144,185.71
Bonds and Stocks	4,227,683.03
Overdrafts	33,462.77
Company's Office Buildings and Other Real Estate	573,873.72
Safe Deposit Vaults	104,670.75
Call Loans	\$8,719,349.75
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks	4,489,085.48 13,208,435.23
	\$31,292,311.21

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus	5,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, Net	1,244,873.86

DEPOSITS.

Banks and Trust Companies	\$ 985,915.66
Individual	19,061,521.69 20,047,437.35
	\$31,292,311.21

CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Financial Condition of

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.

ST. LOUIS

Under Call of Secretary of State, at Close of Business, November 12, 1906

RESOURCES

Loans	\$13,073,871.00
Bonds and Stocks	7,400,795.57
Real Estate	246,801.96
Overdrafts	1,562.42
Safety Deposit Vaults	72,000.00
CASH AND EXCHANGE	
In vaults	\$2,168,687.81
With other trust companies and banks	4,032,339.65 6,201,027.46
All other resources	23,576.98
	\$27,019,635.39

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	\$ 747,315.62
DEPOSITS	
Demand	\$10,703,826.06
Time	2,896,587.85
Savings	4,567,328.32 18,167,742.23
Reserve for Interest on Savings Accounts	50,000.00
Reserve for reinsurance of liability as surety on outstanding bonds	48,387.96
All other liabilities	6,189.58
	\$27,019,635.39

FRANKLIN BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, - - \$1,100,000

2 % Interest paid on Current Accounts, on balances of \$500 or more

3 % Interest paid on Time Certificates

3 % Interest paid on Savings Accounts from \$1.00 upwards

Most People Like Pepper

If there was none other than

SCHOTTEN'S

Every One Would Like It.
Really You Can Taste the
Difference Because It's

"Better than Pure"

TRY IT NEXT TIME

GOOD GROCERS EVERYWHERE

NATROX TOILET CREAM

The latest product of chemical science for bleaching, purifying and healing the skin.

It quickly removes Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads or Redness, leaving the complexion clear, white and healthy.

This is not to be confused or compared with other preparations which act as skin irritants. This preparation is not only absolutely harmless but is decidedly beneficial as a skin food.

IT'S THE OXYGEN.

\$1.00 the jar. Send for sample and test its goodness.

THE NATROX PHARMACAL CO.

315 Century Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

The... West End Hotel

Cor. Vandeventer Ave.
and West Belle Place.
OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
VANDEVENTER PLACE

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
FAMILY HOTEL

EXCELLENT CUISINE

Meals a la Carte or Table d'Hôte

bonds are quoted at 86%, with very few sales at that price.

Otherwise, there is nothing doing. The bond list is neglected. In the industrial quarter no changes worth chronicling took place.

Banks report a good demand for money. Rates remain at 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York are 20 premium bid, 30 premium asked. Sterling is firm at \$4.86¾. Berlin is 94.87 and Paris 5.19%.

Answers to Inquiries.

Speculator, Edwardsville, Ill.—Take no stock in various rumors regarding St. Paul. Would advise realizing on first little bulge. Late sharp advance looked highly manipulative.

W. F.—No prospect for an immediate rise in Texas & Pacific. Would recommend getting out of it. Same applies to Southern Railway common. General market should work lower, with quick rallies ever and anon. Profit-taking sales plainly in evidence.

Advice to Grace Kelly

St. Louis, Nov. 22, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Some of us girls who have tried working out would like to give Grace Kelly a little friendly advice through the MIRROR. It's this; drop that damage suit at once, as you will not stand any chance for justice against all that influence and money. Should you get judgment, money can take the case to a high and still higher court, where the judge's seat is purchased with rich people's coin, and they take good care that no unfavorable decisions fall on the favored ones.

You have our sympathy, for there are not many domestic machines that have not had an encounter with one of these human tigresses, who, with quick-drawn breath and clinched hands, comes toward you. Just for some little thing done or left undone all this choking rage.

You were a foolish girl to try and explain, justify, or set yourself aright. Humbly submit to all the abuse that comes your way. If not, feel the sting of Madame's hand, as several in this city can testify who have had your experience but realized their helpless position.

Factory, with all the confusion and war of machinery is peace, sweet peace compared to a place in such homes. One is not forced to work to exhaustion. You are a free, independent, human being when a reasonable task has been accomplished.

Get wise. Let this affair die an easy death. Do not become discouraged, but join our ranks. We not only have "The Father's" protection, but that of the foreman, who is a gentleman, and the forewoman, who is a lady in the true and best sense of the word, although they willingly serve each day for what they eat and wear.

MARY AND JANE,
Factoryites.

[This letter is printed not as comment to prejudice the public in a particular case, but as a contribution of fact and logic toward the solution of the question why so many girls prefer work in stores and factories to going out in domestic service. But do girls in factories ever "sass back at their employers?"—ED. MIRROR.]

Plows' Christmas Novelties

Never before was there such a display of beautiful bonbon boxes and dainty dinner favors as at Plows' this season. These bonbon "holders" come in the most exquisite designs, ranging from the square cornered box to a vase-shaped vanity bag, a Frenchy basket of

H. WOOD, President.	RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-President.	W. E. BERGER, Cashier.
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JEFFERSON BANK,

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

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Investment Securities a Specialty
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Members New York Stock Exchange and St. Louis Stock Exchange. Direct Private Wires to practically every city in the United States.

ROUTE OF
Limited

21 HOURS
St. Louis to New Orleans
20 HOURS
St. Louis to Mobile

The Finest of Pullman Library, Observation, Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, Wide Vestibuled Coaches and Dining Cars, with Electric Lights and Fans, are used in the Limited.

JNO. M. BEALL,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. LOUIS TICKET OFFICE, 722 OLIVE STREET.

gilded straw adorned with extravagantly shaped satin ribbon bows or charmingly contrasting flowers. A cornucopia of white satin, handpainted flowers trailing all over it, is one of these dainty novelties. Another striking example of tasteful selection is a large cylinder-shaped basket of crimson straw, set off with fetching flame-colored bows. A diminutive motor car of fancy straw is literally banked with pink roses and forget-me-nots to carry out the Italian flower carnival idea. Most fascinating is a lavender satin basket, adorned with

lace medallions and inlaid with turquoise. Orchids, grapes, either hand-painted or in most natural imitation, are used for the decorative scheme of these ravishingly beautiful novelties. What a gift for the gods is one of these exquisite creations—filled with Plows' choicest sweets!

Miss Devine announces to her patrons that she has moved her dress-making parlors to 415 Euclid, near Westminster. McPherson cars.

THE MIRROR

“We Are From Missouri”

and glad to “Show You”
that Our sales of

Budweiser

for Ten Months—from January 1st to
November 1st, 1906—were

141,768,270 Bottles

An increase of over 20 Million bottles
for the same ten months of 1905.

BUDWEISER exceeds in sales all other bottled
beers, even though it commands the highest price, be-
cause it is the purest, best and most wholesome bottled
beer in all the world.

We court the most rigid examination of our beers
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SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.





POPE-WAVERLY CHELSEA WITH COUPE TOP



POPE-WAVERLY CHELSEA WITH SUMMER TOP

THE POPE-WAVERLY CHELSEA

is readily changed from a luxurious Coupe for Winter to an Open Car for Summer. It can be operated by any member of the family—is absolutely silent, clean, odorless—runs 40 miles on one charge and has a speed of 17 miles per hour.

Our flat rate for caring for them, including garage service, electric current, etc., is \$30 per month.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

On orders placed now, we can guarantee Christmas delivery of a limited number.

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The Most Completely Equipped Garage in the City.

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